

THE COMMONWEAL

*A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts,
and Public Affairs.*

Volume XI

New York, Wednesday, December 11, 1929

Number 6

EDITORIAL BOARD

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor
GEORGE N. SHUSTER, Managing Editor
MARY KOLARS, Assistant Editor

JOHN F. McCORMICK, Business Manager



EDITORIAL COUNCIL

CARLTON J. H. HAYES
T. LAWRASON RIGGS
RICHARD DANA SKINNER
JAMES J. WALSH

TABLE OF CONTENTS

On the Restoration of Values.....	153	Yucatan before Lindbergh....	Thomas R. Dawley, jr. 167
Week by Week.....	155	The Penny Whistle (<i>verse</i>)....	Agnes Kendrick Gray 169
The House-Cleaning	158	Canada Dry.....	Ernest F. Boddington 170
Union and Reality.....	158	Communications	171
The Grave at Malden.....	Michael Williams 160	The Play.....	Richard Dana Skinner 172
A Moment of Silence (<i>verse</i>).....	Charles Ballard 162	Books.....	P. W. Wilson,
Facing Old Age.....	Abraham Epstein 163		Agnes Repplier, Shaemas O'Sheel, Morton
Wall Street Goes Amateur.....	George McCabe 165		Dauwen Zabel, George N. Shuster 174

Published weekly and copyrighted 1929, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. United States: \$5.00; Foreign: \$6.00; Canada: \$5.50. Single Copies: \$.10.

ON THE RESTORATION OF VALUES

ONE of the Jesuit scientists who throughout the world occupy leading positions in the observation and study of the physical forces of the universe, recently made some striking remarks in connection with the phenomena accompanying the earthquake in the north Atlantic sea-bed. Disturbed and shaken profoundly by the slipping of the rocks underneath the sea, the waters raged and rushed upon the shore. In Newfoundland a tidal wave wrecked the homes and dashed out the lives of many fisher-folk. Several of the Atlantic cable lines were snapped, and delicate machinery in the cable stations on shore was put out of operation, seriously interfering with American communications with Europe. Extraordinarily high tides were experienced all along the northern coast of the United States and Canada, and did much damage. The Jesuit scientist in charge of the seismograph at Fordham University, when interviewed by the daily press, illustrated the sudden and disastrous behavior of the sea by likening it to the commotion that might be created in a pool into which a pebble had been thrown. The earthquake at the bottom of the sea had produced a disturbance of the ocean such as the pebble would create in the pool, communicating a movement

to the water, a force, which worked itself out in high tides, great waves and eccentric motion. The phenomena following upon the sudden entrance of the pebble into the placid pool would be, of course, exceedingly slight and evanescent in comparison with the enormous force and titanic extent of the phenomena of the earthquake, but both would be the result of interference with a condition of balance and harmony and order by the sudden injection of an exterior thing.

It may seem like a fanciful incongruity of thought to connect two or three other events which occurred at about the same time with this extraordinary earthquake; and, it should be needless to say, there is no necessary connection between the events themselves; it is merely our comments which connect them for the purpose of pointing out something lying behind or beneath them all, to which it may be worth while to direct our attention. We refer to the panic in Wall Street as one of these events, and to the happenings in Holy Cross Cemetery, Malden, Massachusetts, a suburb of Boston, as the other.

Perhaps what we are trying to express may be at least adumbrated by returning to the subject of the earthquake, and reflecting upon one of its minor inci-

dents which seems to us to illustrate the point we desire to make. When one of the giant steamships put into port after the earthquake, the officers and passengers told a strange, almost uncanny story of their experiences. The great ship, bearing with it a population equal to that of many a thriving town, and itself a triumphant work of mechanism, was driving on at top speed toward its destination, when all at once it was checked and held, as if in the grip of some invisible and mighty hand. One of the crew said that his sensation was as if the ship had been dragged backward. The vast machine shook, quivered, trembled violently; then the force that had seized it passed onward, and the ship followed, as before.

What happened to that ship may, we think, be linked, at least for the purpose we have in mind, with what happened in Wall Street; also with what is happening as we write in the Malden graveyard. In Wall Street a shock was administered to the vast, intricate, complex economic and social mechanism of which all human beings today are a part. A check came to the onward rushing of that mechanism. The mechanism survives; it is continuing on its course, as the ship came into port after the earthquake shock, and as the fisher-folk (except for those who were drowned) will rebuild their cots and go on with their work, now that the flooding of the sea has subsided.

In between earthquake shocks and similar disturbances and outbreaks of the hidden and inner forces of nature, men and women continue to think and act as if this earth of ours (speeding through space as the ship goes through the sea) were a quite reliable and well-behaved contrivance. Only a few exceptional people, astronomers, physicists, geologists and the like, realize its instability, and the dangers surrounding its voyage, and the ultimate mystery of the voyage itself.

So, too, when a tremendous shock to our social mechanism creates havoc and ruins many individuals, after the vibrations die away, society as a whole promptly and courageously rallies, plucks up its will power, straightens out the damaged machine as best it can, and goes on again.

Let us turn now to the Malden graveyard and ask ourselves what has happened there, and what connection, if any, those happenings may have with the other events we have been discussing. A few weeks ago the newspapers reported, with plentiful use of those cautionary if not incredulous quotation marks resorted to by our press in such cases, certain "miraculous cures," "alleged" to have happened at the grave of a Catholic priest who was buried some sixty years ago. Blind people "claimed" that their sight had been restored; cripples "were reported" as having recovered the use of their limbs; in certain of the cases physicians "endorsed" the truth of the reports. The motion-picture cameras invaded the cemetery, accompanied by their phonographic machines, so that audiences in movie-tone theatres throughout the country could see the pictures and hear the voices of the immense multitudes

which day and night have been thronging the cemetery. The newspapers spread the news of these things before tens of millions of readers.

The world of religion, we might say, has experienced a violent shock, comparable to those which disturbed our physical world and shook our social fabric. Whatever the verdict of the Catholic Church eventually may be as to the Malden events (no worthwhile guess even is possible at this time) and whatever the verdict of the world outside the Church may be, today or finally, there can be no doubt that the great question, the supreme problem, of the supernatural has been brought to our attention—at least so far as the United States is concerned—in a more startling and widespread fashion than has ever happened before. The boy priest who was buried at Malden sixty years ago was in life not at all remarkable among his fellows in any of the ways which we consider noteworthy; but little children and a few humble people loved him because he was good and holy, and now his reputed sanctity has become, almost overnight, a power that is moving American society profoundly.

We obviously must confess our total inability to draw any conclusions from these facts which could adequately exhibit their significance; but at least we may offer a few tentative suggestions. Surely we may rejoice in humanity's indestructible courage and fortitude in the face of such natural disasters and dangers as are illustrated by man's behavior at times of earthquake and flood and eruption and great storms. We are both crew and passenger upon this voyaging earth of ours, and we face our perils like true men. Certainly there seems little or nothing that we can do to control such dangers; nevertheless, our attitude is not mere fatalism. At bottom it seems solidly grounded in the active virtues of faith and fortitude. Surely, also, we may be glad of our disposition to stiffen our wills and brace our nerves in the wake of such shocks as strike upon our social mechanism from time to time. Yet here we deal with matters more manageable; which are theoretically at least within our own human control. After all, it is for us to study that social mechanism; to ask whether or not it is the sort of mechanism best adapted to enable us to live and labor in a truly human manner. As for such a shock to our ordinary religious system as the impact of the supernatural forces displayed at Malden, might it not cause us to ask ourselves whether or not man, for all his bravery, with all his natural strength and abilities, has not been and still is neglecting the deepest and strongest of all the forces which humanity may use and which, apparently, the humble young priest buried in Malden, did use; namely, supernatural sanctity, the search after union with God because it is the first and foremost concern of man's brief yet supremely important business on earth! In Wall Street we are told, the remedy needed is a restoration of the true and inherent values of the stocks. It may be that a restoration of values is needed not only in Wall Street, but in our souls.

WEEK BY WEEK

COMMANDER BYRD has flown to the South Pole. We believe with the New York Times that a more perilous flight has never been made, and with M. Coste, the great French aviator, that there has never been a more "beautiful" one. Whether or not such an accomplishment has its practical value seems unimportant. We leave it to the meteorologists, who can look upon Commander Byrd's observations as simply a day's work. To us, the "scientific knowledge" already acquired or to be acquired by the Antarctic Expedition, does not seem very exciting. By traveling at an altitude of 10,000 feet, Commander Byrd and his aides surveyed a territory about thirty times as large as that seen by Amundsen and Scott, but the answer to this is in the very fact that it was surveyed at 10,000 feet, and not at closer quarters. Moreover, the surveyors were passing along the centre of this territory at a speed of 100 miles an hour. The expedition's geologists, traveling on foot, may discover coal, oil and minerals of all kinds in the mountains and plateaus, but we can afford to remain in ignorance about them so long as the ice age is secure in the Antarctic. Fifty thousand years from now it may be another matter. The big thing for us is that Commander Byrd has successfully undertaken one of the greatest deeds left to the ambitious explorer.

THE disturbed situation in Manchuria has at last provoked action from this country in conjunction with Great Britain. The note which Secretary Stimson has forwarded to Russia and China calls to the attention of the two nations their obligations under the Kellogg pact. Following so closely upon China's appeal against the Russian invasion, it takes on a significance which might be interpreted as the international favoring of the oriental republic. Of course there is no such partiality in our attitude. It is merely unfortunate that this country, which is the agent immediately responsible for the Kellogg pact, did not see fit to send an earlier reminder to Moscow and Nanking. The imbroglio created by Chinese seizure of the Mukden railroad would probably not have been ended by notes from any foreign power, but they would have been just as effective when the dispute began as now, and would have obviated the present awkwardness. China, as a matter of fact, has shown her lack of faith in the ability of other nations to quiet troubled waters. It is true that she is now willing to reinstate the ousted Russian officials of the railroad and allow them to continue operation, which would be a return to the status quo ante, and that despatches from Shanghai indicate that the negotiations looking to a peaceful settlement of the Chinese Eastern Railway controversy have reached a fairly

advanced stage. But there is nothing in any of this to indicate the workability, or the non-workability, of the Kellogg pact. China has merely seen that she has no unified support within her own borders to back a high-handed procedure.

PROHIBITION, says Sir Philip Gibbs in the New York Times, is a dead issue in England today. The commission appointed by the present government to recommend possible liquor reforms has just finished its investigations, including a study of the situation in this country, and it is definitely known that they will not enter even a minority report in favor of adopting the "noble experiment." Two reasons are given: the unqualified opposition of the English public, which the commission admits; and the increasing sobriety of the English public, which Sir Philip interestingly infers from what look like perfectly sound statistics. The typical American reader will perhaps find the first objection so consistent with his idea of the typical Englishman as to be a good deal surprised at the second. We know that John Bull dislikes formulations and forbiddings, and that he likes punch, egg-hot and ale—or did when Dickens and Arthur Morrison were writing. Sir Philip does not accuse these writers of overdrawing their picture. He affirms that his country is developing away from it—and largely as a beneficent by-result of the war. The increased wages for many who had formerly been abjectly poor produced, according to his observations, a definite elevation in the standard of living. Pleasure, once understood largely in terms of a degraded drunkenness, was reinterpreted in terms of motion pictures, nice clothes and Ford cars; and in spite of the post-war economic slump, the new attitude has somehow persisted. It has been aided, moreover, by the movement for greater publicity and sociability in all amusements, including drinking.

WE FEEL that Sir Philip's ideas on the relation of certain social phenomena to decreased drinking are perfectly sound, so far as they go; and our tendency to inquire whether they actually go as far as he thinks he sees them going in England now is at least challenged by Mr. Snowden's declaration that the budget is embarrassed by the lessening in the country's wine and spirit revenues. We are the more pleased to salute England's achievement in this field, whatever its dimensions may be, in view of the fact that the same issue of the Times happens to contain an analysis of the unemployment problem which shows its present gravity. The constituent factors in the situation which has made 1,200,000 men jobless are already familiar: a population which is steadily increasing in spite of a falling birth-rate; an industrial system weakened by the war and unable to absorb the surplus workers; a decline in the demand for British coal, which has rendered about 200,000 miners permanently unemploy-

able. What has not been so clear heretofore is the serious hitch in the emigration schemes which have been counted on to drain off the superfluous population. The British dominions are badly in need of settlers, and are said to prefer British immigrants. Yet despite this, the improved communications, and the fact that the home government now actually supplies one-half of an intending settler's expenses, the figures of those leaving the British Isles show a yearly shrinkage. This is due in part to the dominions' insistence on a higher economic and educational status for their immigrants than heretofore, and in part to the industrial specialization which has rendered the latter unfit to become agricultural pioneers. Britain does not begin to send out her present increment of 200,000 a year—and the dole costs her approximately \$500 a minute. Well for her indeed if she can say that she at least has her drink problem in hand.

Literature for the Elect **UNLIMITED** opportunities in literature are opened to the view by the Literary Guild's decision to take for its next monthly offering Voltaire's *Candide*, with illustrations by Rockwell Kent. One is, to be sure, not threatened with excessively high blood-pressure by the story (which is pretty tame)

nor by the translation (though this is guaranteed to be unexpurgated) nor by the pictures (all of them just merely fair). The spectacle is absorbing because so many tens of thousands who made wry faces at "classics" in the old days will purr contentedly now while they eat one right out of Dr. Van Doren's hand. Of course the diet is flavored with a certain naughtiness—and with Kent—but the possibilities are obvious. We believe that the Literary Guild could sell an edition of *Kenilworth* or even of *Pilgrim's Progress*. Though there is admittedly no likelihood that either of these works will figure in coming literary menus, the mere thought is staggering. As for Voltaire, he must view the situation with some misgivings. He had his doubts about *Candide*. The humanity of his time he observed with some amusement. But the present state of Americanistic literati must dissolve his soul in guffaws by comparison with which the mightiest stages of his earthly mirth were momentary smiles.

Edison in Apotheosis "WORLD-WIDE refractions of the Light Jubilee and Hero Edison's glory," remarks *Time*, the news magazine, in its usual staccato style so appropriate to this machine age of ours, with its suggestion of clattering typewriter keys, or an electrical riveter. "And in European and South American countries were held illuminations, displays, public lectures, exhibitions." But Japan outdid all other countries, even our own, in the apotheosis of Mr. Edison. The *Fides News Service* relates, in a recent despatch from Osaka, that Thomas Alva Edison "has been declared a prophet of the god of electricity, with the

title of 'Edison no Mikoto.' The new god came into prominence last year at the electrical exposition held under the auspices of the city authorities, at which was displayed a facsimile of the Shintoist temple with the god enthroned, erected by a Mr. Taramura, dealer in electrical apparatus. At the close of the exposition, the shrine was moved to a permanent site. At the recent celebration of the golden jubilee of the incandescent bulb, the god was installed on the third story of the palace of electricity, and was formally adopted by a Shintoist sect recognized by the state. It was on this occasion that Edison was declared a prophet of the god. While the promoters of the new deity are known as fanatics by the authorities, nothing has been done to suppress the superstition for fear of arousing the great number of electrical workers who have joined the ranks of the faithful." It would seem that Mr. Eugene O'Neill might possibly claim the copyright on this idea, because of his creation of the god of the dynamo in one of his recent plays. Whether the astute Mr. Taramura, dealer in electrical apparatus, was indebted to Mr. O'Neill or not, evidently he possesses in full measure that curious mixture of business astuteness and of fantastic religiosity which is so marked a feature of our own American life.

THE COMMONWEAL has had no stauncher or more understanding friend than the late Cardinal Gasquet, whose interest in all matters which tended toward the intellectual and literary expression of the Faith seemed to increase rather than to languish as his long and nobly memorable life drew to its close. It would be, therefore, merely an act of decent gratitude on our part to call attention to the committee formed in England for the purpose of erecting a memorial to the great churchman, whose intellectual labors so brilliantly illuminated English historical science and literature, and whose monumental achievements as head of the Church's Biblical Commission so solidly supported the fundamental apologetics of Christianity. Yet we feel that a better motive even than gratitude animates us in this matter, believing as we do that both society and the everlasting Church are nourished and promoted most effectively by that union and harmony of spiritual and intellectual culture which was so splendidly exemplified by Francis Aidan Cardinal Gasquet. If his noble intellect was, like Martha, busy with many things, it was always busy to good and lofty purposes: and his soul, like Mary, the contemplative soul of a great Benedictine, guided the works of his intellect. Sir Esme Howard, Mr. John McCormack, Mr. A. De Navarro and other gentlemen whose names are familiar in the United States, are members of the distinguished committee headed by Cardinal Bourne, which is raising the fund for the memorial. It is proposed to erect a canopied tomb over Cardinal Gasquet's grave in Downside Abbey, and in fulfilment of his own wish, it is also

proposed to complete the tower of the abbey church which he himself began in 1880. The work will be entrusted to that eminent architect, Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, R.A. Subscriptions to the fund, or correspondence concerning it, may be addressed to the Reverend G. B. Hicks, O.S.B., the secretary of the committee, Downside Abbey, Stratton-on-the-Fosse, Bath, England.

Art in
Commerce

OF ALL the forms of plastic art, mural painting has been explored the least by our contemporaries. It is therefore with something of the excitement of discovery that one approaches the ten exhilarating and successful canvases destined for a Pittsburgh department store, which Mr. Boardman Robinson has placed on public exhibition at the Art Students' League. They record the history of commercial enterprise, and one is moved to praise both Mr. Robinson and the proprietors of the commercial house his murals will decorate: the first for dismissing the American painter's reluctance to express contemporary life on anything but a dwarfed and stunted scale, and the latter for so handsomely indulging a desire both for decoration and for record, neither of which is considered essential to success in trade. The mere existence of these canvases contradicts the superstitions that commercial enterprise must maintain a course in which no divergence or embellishment is possible, and that the natural laws of decay are accelerated to our own speed. If the commissioners of Mr. Robinson's paintings have built a structure that is planned to live the twenty years American architects are supposed to allot each new building, they have caused to be created in these canvases something of greater endurance. Indeed, one cannot but feel that the vigorous spirit which these paintings celebrate deserves that its memorials be housed in something sturdier than the swift cycles of modern architecture permit.

The
American
Hebrew

THE fiftieth anniversary number of our contemporary, the American Hebrew, is so rich in names of international distinction that this brief paragraph to which we must confine our friendly salute will not suffice for the telling of them. We would merely mention, in passing, Henry Morgenthau's fine counsel to American Jews, that they abandon the tradition of "martyrdom" (which he ventures to call occasionally "self-imposed") and "become warp and woof of the American tapestry"; Felix M. Warburg's enlightened and tolerant paper on The Future of Palestine; and André Siegfried's tribute to the French Jew; adding that among a score of other contributions, there are especially provocative and interesting ones by Oswald Spengler, Arnold Zweig, Carlo Sforza, Henri Barbusse and Adolph S. Ochs. The magazine reviews, with understandable satisfaction, its half-century of effort for liberal and humane ideals. Chief among its achievements in this field was the

organization of the Permanent Committee on Better Understanding, comprising three Catholics, three Protestants and three Jews—forerunner of the National Conference of Christians and Jews which has operated so effectively in informal seminars at Columbia and Harvard. Some of the articles in the issue deal with what may be called the internal differences of the Jewish religious body, and on these no outsider may comment with anything like authority. But the general tone of alertness, generosity and good-will is admirable in itself and, we are glad to say, admirably characteristic as well of the American Hebrew's long and honorable tradition.

Football
Review

THE football season ends most unsatisfactorily, with no less than five undefeated major teams: Pittsburgh, Notre Dame, Purdue, Tulane and Saint Mary's, and no way to get them together. If there were, we should bet the office furniture on Saint Mary's to wallop any of the others by two touchdowns, simply because it has the least impressive record. Football being what it is, the under dog (when not too completely under) always has the better chance. The last week of the season is an example. A Navy team which had been taking lickings from every side all year beat one of the strongest teams Dartmouth has ever mustered, and a mediocre West Point team held the greatest of all Notre Dame's great squads to a single touchdown. In professional football, which to the disappointment of Professor Stagg and other coaches grows more prosperous every year, the Green Bay Packers, who need a Rand McNally to find their way home, defeated the New York Giants with such ease as to leave no doubt about the identity of the year's best professional team. All this is what makes football so good a game. As long as the football field is a place where anything can happen, and does happen, there will be no limit to the growth of the sport; new attendance records will be established as regularly as another autumn rolls around.

Five Years
Behind

AN INDICATION of the inventiveness of the American mind, or, should one say, the fertility of its inventive genius, is that the work of the Patent Office at Washington is piling up in such volume that five or six years will be required to make it current. It is the recently issued report of the Patent Commissioner which strikes this alarming note. Alarming because if the Patent Office has fallen so far behind at this time, where will it be, in relation to its unfinished business, when the rising generation with its flair for mechanics of all kinds, with its superior knowledge and training, with its Edison scholars, begins to submit inventions? Buried, we dare say, hidden behind mountains of files, and one will have to wade knee-deep through blue-prints to reach the Patent Commissioner's desk. It may come to pass that all

manner of machines and devices will outlive their span of usefulness without ever achieving the coveted stamp: "Patented, June 19, 1933," and while an application for patent is awaiting its turn, there may be submitted two or three or half a dozen destined to supersede it. "Patent Pending" may not yet be a national slogan, but we are waiting. We have hopes. Prospects are very, very bright.

THE HOUSE-CLEANING

RECENT attempts to explain the ruin of the stock market and to predict the future course of investors leave us unconvinced. What factors, for instance, were present in October that were not present in September? No one knows. What actually started the avalanche? No one knows. Who was responsible? No one knows. If anyone has as yet discovered, or invented, a satisfactorily specific explanation, it has not at least been circulated.

Meanwhile, as Stuart Chase points out in a recent issue of *Books*, some two or three billion dollars recently tied up in brokers' loans are now available for more constructive purposes. We think it is important to remember that this does not apply to the United States alone. Industry all over the world was curtailed in its expansion by the bull market. For a time, the American speculator transformed this country from a lender to a borrower, and a borrower at very high rates of interest. We bought securities which had flown to so rare an altitude that their yields were almost invisible. It was a gamble, but it would pay handsomely if security values only continued on their upward curve. Of course the country was prosperous, and of course the increasing profits of industry did help to justify the rising values. But what spurs any speculative market on is the hope to benefit by a capital appreciation so rapid and substantial that dividends become mere pin-money. When those hopes were running high, American balances abroad were being withdrawn, and American credit was not available for the proper development of industry.

And so for the present we are again in position to become the creditor of progress everywhere. How long we shall now remain a lending nation it is difficult to predict. There has been sufficient proof recently that investment in this country is not governed by any rules whatever. Where are the investors now, for instance? It is a question which takes on more and more pertinence. In the worst days of the crash, experts consoled us with this: that if the great golden age of the speculator was over, that of the investor had begun. Stocks were now down to a point where they could yield an attractive interest. Thousands had lost their shirts, but other thousands would eventually be wearing shinier and silkier shirts than ever, and could change them more often. Speculators might be giving up their apartments, but investors would be moving in. The market would be in a healthier condi-

tion. Here was cause for thanksgiving and not lament. The country might be congratulated.

But despite the encouraging examples of the Rockefellers, senior and junior, there has been no great rush for the bargain counter. The experts are puzzled. Every possible means has been utilized to impress the country with the fact that there has been no depression in American trade; no setback in industry. Some of the greatest corporations have announced extra dividends; even this has not inspired the investors to more than a feeble and temporary interest. The market continues weak. The great house-cleaning has been accomplished at last, but no one seems eager to go back into the house.

UNION AND REALITY

ABSOLUTE separation between church and state is impossible. This truth abides, regardless of whether it is defended by the Roman Pontiff or by a group of North Carolina Protestants. The history of the world is based upon it. American civilization has accepted it from the very beginning. Some human functions are necessarily corporate, just as the healthy activities of an individual spring from balance between body and mind. What matters in both cases is to find the recipe for harmonious relationships, and that is often difficult. Indeed, one sometimes imagines that it is an ideal well-nigh beyond the attainment of man, whose attribute of rationality is frequently the merest flattery. But though a mountain be hard to climb it is none the less a mountain.

People have, for instance, talked a good deal about the conflict between religion and science. They were right, if science is defined as this or that mechanistic theory. But science is properly something else entirely. It is physical and chemical reality explained. Its value depends not at all upon its brilliance as a set of theories, but upon its accuracy as a presentation of the actual. Religion again is not this or that idealistic hypothesis. It is moral and spiritual reality explained. Its worth is based entirely upon its significance as an interpretation of the truth. And so one may say, with Saint Thomas, that a faith which contradicts what is positively known about any portion of reality is not a complete faith. There may be flashes of verity in it, of course. The Hindu knew a great deal about the spirit, but his denial of that evident thing we call matter is enough to show that his doctrine was inadequate. And the converse is equally true. A physics which knows nothing, or denies something, of spiritual reality is an imperfect physics. The world of existence is, in short, a corporate thing, no part of which is independent or self-sufficient.

Now the state again is not a flag, a congress or even a people. It is civic and social reality constituted and active. To explain how this comes to exist has been quite as difficult as to tell where electricity comes from. The most we can do is to chart the processes

through which government develops, to compare the achievement with the purposes, and to point out when and why a given state is inaccurate. We know, for instance, that Jefferson pointed out very wisely that the individuals who erect or sustain a state never make a grant of all their rights to it. Whether all of us agree with him that those which are surrendered are those which the single person is powerless to defend is of no great importance. Philosophers have never been in perfect agreement as to which rights are inalienable. The significant thing is that the state is never the whole domain of human welfare or human privilege. Its virtue is ultimately determined by the skill with which it defines social reality and by the integrity with which it acts according to that definition. To a considerable extent this depends upon a sense of universal solidarity. A government which made it a penal offense to believe that the world is round would be absurd and tyrannical. And likewise a government which exacts denial of a religious truth is absurd and tyrannical. The state must always be satisfied to occupy its exact corner in world reality.

And the Church? Here also there is not a mere body of teaching, not a chance association of individuals, but something of reality having a corporate status. The Baron von Hügel made this point so well, even if a bit cryptically, that his memory is honored every time the subject is mentioned. Religious certitude is always a unifying force. In the cruder world faiths, which are imperfect and clouded conceptions, the rallying cry is usually productive of some exclusiveness, ultimately of some hatred which must feed on conquest. But in the Church which Christ founded upon the rock of a perfect and lucid faith, the organic energies have always been life and love. The Christian must win over even his enemies with affection. And yet, though this dissolves the barriers which sunder him from the rest of men, it also unites him most intimately with his comrades. Union that transcends death and all other natural separations is to be found only in the Church, whose secret—grace—is the last which humanity will be able to divine.

It follows, therefore, that whenever civil society denies the right of the Church to unify men for its own purposes, it is legislating against reality and one of the deepest urges of human nature. But there is something else involved, at least equally important. Opposition to the mandate of love which Christianity professes means, ultimately, a surrender of the only force in the world which can really bind men together. If the amalgamation of immigrant citizens into the people of the United States has proceeded so steadily and well, the reason is primarily that a guarantee of religious liberty removed the most effective causes of dissensions. Things were not always so well regulated. In almost every colony, sanguinary conflicts between the supporters of hostile creeds imperiled the social order; and one may well wonder if much Tory sentiment during the Revolutionary era did

not originate in fondness for the Established Church. Moreover, the fact that Americans have always felt that theirs was a Christian nation has time and time again enabled them to overcome other tendencies to disarray. Lincoln's appeal for a country which should swallow up civil strife in charity was a deeply Christian impulse. More recent manifestations of corporate generosity have their root in the same source. Of course our Christianity is far from adequately unified. The Catholic criticism of the American situation—the Catholic declaration that the ideal has not been reached—is based upon no denial of the right to freedom of conscience, but upon sensible understanding that Christianity would be more effective if it were cast into the one holy and apostolic mold.

We have a concrete and valuable illustration of the matter in the history of Great Britain. During centuries a fierce endeavor to subdue Ireland has run like a crimson thread through the royal narrative. This has almost led us to overlook the fact that there had been an antecedent conquest. Yes, it is even true to say that the Norman has never really conquered the Saxon. He took over the government, established new goals of social and political action, and modified the language. But the Saxon remained none the less, gaining something from the fusion with a new race but making an equally notable contribution of his own. The greatness of England reposes upon this duality, just as the eminence of France is founded upon the unification in the royaume of Franks, Celts and meridional peoples. It would have remained forever impossible if there had not been, at the outset, a common faith. Saxon and Norman might oppose each other in battle, but they worshiped at the same altar and believed in the same Revelation.

It is a tenable assumption that if there had been no deep-rooted religious differences, Ireland and England might likewise have joined hands. Certainly such a union would have been productive of many good things. It would have given to the civilization called Anglo-Saxon a Celtic richness, comparable to that which France so steadily draws from Brittany. But when the hour of history had struck, England was Protestant and nationalistic in religion, while Ireland remained Catholic. And so the endeavor of Elizabeth to conquer became, in fact, persecution. All the engines of terror were smashed upon the rock of loyalty to the Faith. It is a horrible story, and it might have ended happily. The annals of the race reveal few episodes the lesson of which is more instructive.

Church and state cannot be separated, even if under given circumstances they may not always be effectively joined. We hold that the Catholic doctrine, one faith in a nationally unified society, is the ideal solution. But we believe that, in practice (divisions between creeds being what they are) the American doctrine is the practical solution. There is no conflict between the two. Indeed they go hand in hand, even as aspiration and the actual are immemorially joined.

THE GRAVE AT MALDEN

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

TWO strong barriers of wooden rails had been built some ten feet apart on either side of the grave, each fence extending fifteen or twenty feet. Policemen and firemen stood at intervals within the lane thus formed directing the movement of the pilgrims, whom they had marshaled into two long queues which stretched from the grave to points near the two entrances to the cemetery. Each entrance was several hundred yards distant from the grave. The two queues converged at one end of the lane formed by the wooden barriers, and then in single file passed by the grave.

A flat slab of stone covered the grave and was heaped high with flowers, some of them faded and withered, others fresh; among the flowers were many coins, rosaries, religious medals, pictures, statuettes and other articles deposited as offerings. The line was kept slowly, jerkily moving. Monotonously, almost producing the effect of a ritual chant, the policemen and firemen at the graveside called out: "Please don't kneel. Touch the stone and go to the chapel to pray. Please don't kneel, keep moving." As those who passed the grave emerged at the further end of the barrier, for the most part they joined a third queue moving toward the cemetery chapel, which stands about a hundred yards from the grave. The people went into the chapel by one door and emerged by another, after having passed before the altar and stopped for a moment to genuflect, or to say a brief prayer, or to light one of the innumerable candles flickering in the metal stands. All the pews were continuously occupied by those who stayed to pray. Before the altar lay a heap of crutches, body and leg braces, spectacles, and other articles left there by those claiming to have been cured.

At the grave-side there would be occasional halts or interruptions of the endless line as paralytics or cripples or blind people, among whom were many little children, were brought to the grave. They were given more time than the able-bodied pilgrims; were assisted to kneel, or, when totally helpless, were lowered to the ground for a few minutes, so as to touch the grave; while their friends applied earth scooped from the ground, or water which had previously touched the tombstone, to their bodies. Many were brought in invalid chairs or on stretchers, or were carried in the arms of relatives or friends. In addition to the people forming the various queues, there were many other hundreds of men and women and children standing about the cemetery in groups, or kneeling in prayer under the tall cross that commemorates the dead bishops of the Boston diocese, or at other monuments. In the streets outside the cemetery automobiles were parked by the hundreds; many of them had come from

distant states. It is estimated by the Boston newspapers, whose reporters for several weeks have been constantly present in Holy Cross Cemetery at Malden, Massachusetts, where the grave of Father Patrick Power has become the centre of one of the most extraordinary popular manifestations of religious faith witnessed in modern times, that more than a million people have visited the cemetery since the movement began a few weeks ago.

Nowhere outside of a hospital for cripples or for cancer or tubercular patients could so many such pitiable human beings be seen gathered together as in Malden during the height of the pilgrimage. The blind, the deaf and dumb, paralytics and cripples, victims of accidents or of wasting organic diseases, the mentally afflicted as well—a pageant of deformity and disease, a masque of misery—defiled through this place of the dead. Here the veil was lifted that ordinarily hides the cruel facts of life. "Dear God in heaven!" I heard a woman cry (I marked her words) as she knelt by a child whose wasted legs were held in iron braces. "Have pity on this little boy!" That mother's appeal was the theme-note, so to speak, of the tremendous symphony of prayer which poured forth around Father Power's grave from thousands of souls. For them this place was not merely the depository of the worn-out bodies of the dead. For them there was life beyond those graves. Invisible yet more powerfully real than anything on earth, spiritual force might be reached and moved by prayer, through an intercessor in that spiritual realm; the young priest who had been a holy man in his brief life on earth, and now, they believed, was a saint forever in eternal life.

My own visit was on Saturday, November 16. I went first to the office of the superintendent, Mr. Edward O'Connell, a brother of Cardinal O'Connell. On his desk were scores of letters typical of those which have been pouring in from all parts of the country. The letter-writers in nearly all cases beg for something in the shape of a relic; water which has been touched to the grave, or earth from it.

"But of course I cannot comply with their requests," said Mr. O'Connell. "We cannot possibly accept responsibility, or even appear to give anything resembling authoritative endorsement to what is going on. It is a situation for which we are not responsible. A newspaper publication of a supposed miraculous cure at Father Power's grave started the whole thing a few weeks ago. You can see for yourself how the thing developed and to what a point it has grown. We have been very much alarmed, fearful of disorder, or that some serious accident or panic might develop. It has required all the resources of our local police force, assisted by volunteers from the fire department and

sometimes by policemen from nearby communities, in addition to our own cemetery staff, to handle the crowd. Not that the people have been at all disorderly or unmanageable. On the contrary, as I think you can see for yourself, the atmosphere of decorum and of devotion is highly remarkable, and the people accommodate themselves wonderfully to the disciplinary methods we have been obliged to adopt."

"But what is your own opinion, Mr. O'Connell, concerning the events themselves?"

"I know no more than you do," he replied, "and am no more competent than you to render an opinion. I only know that for years there has been a certain amount of talk, in restricted quarters, concerning Father Power's grave. As to the supposed cures, you can see for yourself the signed statements of several doctors which have been left at this office, in which they testify to the sudden and remarkable cures or improvement of their own patients. The newspapers have been full of other cases, some of them exceedingly striking, others of very slight consequence, most of them, of course, unverified. All that we know here at the cemetery is that we have been flooded by a tide of humanity, and have our hands full trying to control and handle it properly. We could not deny entrance to the poor people who are really sick or crippled, and who believe that they may be cured or aided by praying at Father Power's grave, but must do our best to help them. At least, their faith and devotion are most wonderful. I will ask an official of the cemetery to take you through the police lines to the chapel, and to the grave, so you may be able to see for yourself what is going on."

I then went with Mr. O'Connell's assistant to the grave and to the chapel. While I was standing by the grave talking with a group of newspaper reporters, several of whom had been in the cemetery day after day since the beginning of the rush of pilgrims, a boy whose leg was perfectly stiff was lowered to the earth by the side of the grave by his relatives. The boy uttered a sharp cry and soon was moving his leg freely at the knee joint, which, his relatives said, had been immovable for years. In the centre of a small group of excited people, praying or exclaiming, the boy was taken away, walking, though slowly and painfully, to the chapel.

This case was one of ten or twelve reported by the Boston papers as occurring that day. None of the others was quite so remarkable, but all of them were of a similar nature: cripples who believed, or at least who said that they believed, that they had either been cured or greatly improved.

Such cases by this time have probably run into hundreds. Many of them occur at other places than in the cemetery. One, reported in the Boston American (and presumably in other papers) was that of a six-year-old boy, a patient at City Hospital—William Graul of East Eighth Street, South Boston. The child was brought to the hospital on Wednesday,

November 6, apparently in a dying condition. His throat was so contracted after a coughing spell that he was unable to breathe. At the hospital, the newspaper goes on to report:

A hard rubber tube was inserted as his only means of life after a throat obstruction made it impossible for him to breathe.

The boy's parents went to the cemetery. The mother stood in line for three hours before she was able to reach the tomb. This was before the tombstone which originally stood on the grave had been removed by the cemetery authorities, as it was being injured and probably would have been broken into pieces by the crowd. It was a tombstone of a curious design, standing several feet from the ground, lying flat on six carved pillars of stone. At the upper end, a chalice engraved in the stone formed a receptacle for rain water. Devout pilgrims to Father Power's grave had used this as people use holy water which has been blessed in Catholic churches, signing themselves with the cross with fingers dipped in the water, or taking it away for a similar use at home. Mrs. Graul got close enough to the tombstone to dip a handkerchief she had brought for the purpose into the water that had accumulated in the chalice from a recent shower. The mother and father

proceeded directly from the cemetery to the hospital. As Graul started to apply the handkerchief to his son's throat, a nurse saw him and ordered him to stop. When the father told the nurse that the handkerchief had been dipped in the water at the shrine, however, she allowed him to proceed. Some time later, when his parents had left the hospital, little Billy amazed the nurse by addressing her in clear tones, the first time he had been able to do so since he entered the hospital. The nurse jumped at the sound of the voice and sped to Billy's side to see what had happened to the tube. A staff doctor was in the ward at the time, and believing that he might have taken the tube from the boy's throat, the nurse spoke to him about it. A thorough search of the ward followed, but no trace of the tube was found.

Elsewhere in the same article it is stated that

Although the tube is gone, he [William Graul] is breathing normally without it. A search of the hospital and numerous X-rays taken of the boy's throat and stomach have failed to reveal the tube. Dr. Edwin Place in charge of the South Department of the hospital, has admitted that the rapid change in the boy's condition and the utter disappearance of the tube from the throat has baffled physicians who have examined him.

The known facts concerning Father Power are very few. He was born in Bantry, County Cork, Ireland, on December 8, 1844, the son of Patrick and Mary Power. His parents died when he was four years old, and he was brought to America by an elder brother, John Power. It is not known definitely where he lived as a boy. William J. Cahill, living at 47 Royal Street, Allston, who is now eighty years old, remembers serv-

ing on the altar at the church of the Holy Redeemer in East Boston with Patrick Power. The rector of that church was Father James Fitton, borne in honored memory in the annals of the Catholic Church in Massachusetts. It was the custom of Father Fitton to educate worthy boys, and it is presumed that Patrick Power was one of them. In Worcester there still resides Mr. Edmund J. Power, a nephew of Father Patrick Power, who remembers that Father Power lived with relatives in Cambridge, and later in Brookline. It is known, however, that he studied for the priesthood in Laval University in Quebec and in Saint Joseph's Seminary, Troy, New York, and that in the last year of his life he studied for a short time at Louvain, Belgium. There is a story that he loved to walk in the rain bareheaded, and that these walks led to his contracting the cold that later developed into pulmonary trouble, and caused his death. At all events it is known that he was ordained by Archbishop Williams in Boston in 1867, on September 7, the eve of the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary. An ordination card has been preserved which states these facts. He died in Brookline on December 8, 1869, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his birth.

Mr. Edmund J. Power, his nephew and godchild, has in his possession two large manuscript volumes described by Mr. Leo Rabbette, in a remarkable article in the Boston Sunday Post, as

beautifully written by Father Power himself, in pen and ink after the manner of the mediaeval monks, while he was a student at Laval University in Quebec.

One contains a complete course of natural philosophy, physics, astronomy and chemistry, in French, illustrated by pen drawings by the young student. The other is called *Cosmology*—the science of the world, which investigates the last causes and most common properties of material things; it is written in Latin.

It is a striking and very interesting fact that one of these books contains "a thesis on the possibility of miracles," being a summary of the scholastic philosophy as handed down from Saint Thomas Aquinas and other great doctors of the Church. And this is the definition of a miracle as given by Father Power, translated out of the Latin and quoted by Mr. Rabbette, who had the coöperation of Reverend Michael Earls, S.J., of Holy Cross College, in Worcester, in preparing his material. In view of the occurrences at Malden Cemetery, this particular definition of the miraculous by Father Power possesses unusual interest:

A miracle is a sensible work performed by God and surpassing the order of all created sensible nature. The purpose of a miracle is to manifest something to man. Such a way is that which appeals to the senses.

To be a true miracle there either should be no creative forces in the sensible world capable of effecting it, or if there are any such forces, they should not be used here and now to bring about the event that is called miraculous.

The purpose of a miracle is the moral good of man,

especially his supernatural good. Thus God performs a miracle either to show His goodness toward some individual or to make manifest the sanctity of one of His saints or to prove the divine mission of one of His messengers. Briefly, the purpose of a miracle is some good in the moral order.

Such works are possible because the forces of nature are finite, and hence their effects have only a limited amount of perfection. But God is infinite. Hence it is possible to have effects which far exceed in perfection those found in nature. These works are possible because God is omnipotent.

Such works are possible because God, Who is omnipotent, can do alone and immediately that which He ordinarily does by means of secondary causes in a slow and gradual manner. For example, He can create immediately new cells in a decayed arm.

When a miracle is performed, the physical law is only suspended. It does not produce its effect. But the law itself is not necessarily changed. Moreover, when God decreed the law, He also decreed the exceptions He would make to the law.

In order that a miracle be known with certainty, a threefold truth should be known. That is, the historical truth of the miracle—whether the event said to be miraculous really took place. Second, the philosophical truth of the miracle; that is, whether this work or fact was above the order of all created sensible nature. Was there no occult law or force of nature that could bring about this event? We here suppose the historical truth to have been proven, and we seek the further truth as to whether it transcended the forces of nature. Third, the theological truth of the miracle. That is, whether this sensible work which, as we suppose, has been proven to be a historical fact and to have surpassed the order of all created sensible nature, was really done by God, or that some creature at the command of God is at least the moral cause of it.

The ecclesiastical authority in Boston has now put a stop to the demonstrations at Malden. The cemetery will hereafter not be open for pilgrimages. A thorough investigation of all the circumstances of the supposed miracles will be made. Whether or not the Catholic Church will in the course of time publicly approve of the veneration of Father Power, is a most debatable question. But that faith in the supernatural has welled forth from under the surface of our materialistic society in one of the most extraordinary demonstrations of modern times, cannot be questioned. Sanctity—or at any rate the repute of sanctity—is still seen to be one of the greatest forces in the world.

A Moment of Silence

An odd stillness falls on the little group;
And from somewhere steals a faint, strange unrest,
Like the palest shadow of a grief
Long past and conquered—

Or perhaps no more than the regret we feel
When a well-loved voice has ceased reading or speaking.
Then someone looks up and says,
"The clock has stopped!"

CHARLES BALLARD.

FACING OLD AGE

By ABRAHAM EPSTEIN

THERE are good reasons why America is at last awakening to the seriousness of the problem of old-age poverty. Our sluggish national conscience has finally been provoked by the saddest of life's tragedies because the dreaded spectre of destitution at the end of life is assuming even greater terror than formerly. As our standards have risen and comforts have diffused to the great masses of people, the question how to remain secure in old age is confronting millions of American men and women today. With Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt we are also becoming conscious that

No greater tragedy exists in our civilization than the plight of the aged, worn-out worker who after a life of ceaseless effort and useful productivity must look forward for his declining years to a dismal poorhouse with the accompanying loss of self-respect and interest in life.

While we are decades behind other industrial nations in our attempt to make this period of life more secure, our backwardness in this respect is not entirely surprising. Our country's industrialization and urbanization, the main factors responsible for the acuteness of the present problem, occurred a good deal later than in the older industrial nations. A leading insurance authority estimated recently that only about 1 percent of our present industrial establishments are a generation old. Such a basic industry as iron and steel, which was second in value of products in 1919, did not begin on a large scale before the nineties. The United States Steel Corporation did not come into existence before the beginning of this century. The automobile industry, third in the value of products in 1919, is entirely a child of this century. The motion-picture industry was unknown twenty-five years ago and many of our largest corporations, such as the Ford companies, General Motors, Radio Corporation and the like, have grown up in the last decade or two. So long as our population remained largely rural and we had an ample supply of free and fertile land, there was no serious problem of old-age dependency. In a pioneering country, "Each for himself and the devil take the hindmost" gets accepted as a sound social philosophy. Children or relatives generally took care of the old men and women who fell by the wayside, or these derelicts were thrust into our poorhouses where they were soon forgotten.

With the rapid expansion and mechanization of our industries, the migration from rural to urban centres,

Adequate care for the men and women who find themselves old and poor would seem one of the primary objects of such Christian charity as yet remains among us. That it is as yet imperfect in this country may be explained by the fact that industrialism is a very recent phenomenon and yet the mother of the problem. This paper is intended to be merely an outline of existing conditions, which the author has studied during many years. It will be followed next week by a second article on the subject, by Professor Carlton J. H. Hayes, which will discuss remedial possibilities.—The Editors.

the disappearance of free land and the shortened working period of life, old-age dependency is assuming quite a different aspect to-day. Poverty in old age can no longer be made impervious by mere hard work, frugality and good habits. Our fortune has become dependent upon altogether

too many forces beyond our control. The ranks of the destitute aged contain only too frequently the once wealthy and prosperous. One New York home for the aged houses, among others, an artist, a musician, a broker, an engineer, a teacher, a clergyman and a lawyer, all of outstanding accomplishments and some of international reputation.

As competitors in the modern industrial system, the aged are faced with innumerable obstacles and with few opportunities of overcoming them. Standardized production has largely eliminated the need for skill and experience—the sole assets of the older employee under the handicraft system. In a recent article Mr. Henry Ford was quoted as saying:

The man who has never had any experience at all is the best fellow when it comes to fitting him into a new scheme of production. People must never get too much of a habit.

The swifter pace required of the modern workman also helps to wear him out at an earlier period. The introduction of new inventions and more specialized machinery generally involves the replacing of men. Since the older workers find it harder to adjust themselves to new processes of work, they are the first to be let out. The difficulty of finding a job after the prime of life has passed has become proverbial. Many industries now limit the hiring age to forty and thirty-five years, which considerably limits the possible number of a man's working years.

The conditions found in Middletown are typical. Among the males fifteen years of age and over in the entire city population, 12 percent were between the ages of twenty and twenty-four. However, an investigation of two of the city's leading machine shops showed that the proportion of male workers in this age group was 19 percent in one and 27 percent in the other. In the city's male population, 27 percent were between the ages of forty-five and sixty-four, but in the shops studied, only 17 and 12 percent of the workers were between these ages. The age group of sixty-five and over constituted 7 percent of the total male population in the city, but the shops which were

investigated employed only from 1 to 2 percent of these older workers.

The 1920 United States Census data support the Middletown findings. These figures show that while the aged are still holding their places among the gainfully employed in agriculture, in the professions, in small businesses and even in the public service, they are practically eliminated from all the major industrial occupations. Thus 8.08 percent of aged farmers, or about twice the normal, are still gainfully at work after their sixty-fifth birthday. Among lawyers, judges and justices more than twice the normal average of aged are still holding their positions. Retail dealers, generally made up of independent small business men, also retain a higher than average percentage in old age. For bankers, brokers and money-lenders the proportion of those still employed at sixty-five is 5.4 percent, while the percentage of aged manufacturers and officials still gainfully occupied is considerably higher than the average. But what a different tale is told by the statistics of industrial and mechanical pursuits or of transportation! In these occupations the old seem to have no place, and only from one-fourth to one-fifth of the general average of gainfully occupied aged persons are still working. Less than 2 percent of miners, clerks, mechanics, molders, printers, plumbers, engravers, compositors, etcetera, are at work after their sixty-fifth year.

While the difficulties of finding a job in middle age and after are increasing, the period of old age itself is growing longer. Through the development of medical science and sanitation a phenomenal increase in the average span of life has been made possible. As against an average expectancy of life of forty years in 1855, the present life span is fifty-eight years. As a result of this development, the number of aged persons in the United States has been increasing both absolutely and relatively. In 1870, men and women sixty-five years of age and over numbered but little over a million, and constituted 3 percent of the population. Today the number of these aged is close to six million, and they constitute about 5 percent of the total. At the same time the earlier possibility of support from children is also diminishing. Families are growing smaller. The city apartment is replacing the old homestead and family ties are weakening. There is no fireside in the majority of modern apartments for "grandfather's corner."

In addition to the general trends discussed above, there are a number of specific forces which tend to drive thousands of workers toward helplessness in old age. We can mention but a few.

Illness and accidents come first. Ill health stands out as the largest single factor of dependency. It is the paramount cause for charitable relief. Every day finds over two million persons ill in the United States. Once sickness has set in, the savings of a lifetime may be wiped out soon enough. A prominent woman doctor applied to the Pennsylvania Commission on Old Age

Pensions because an illness which overtook her at sixty had eaten up the accumulation of her thirty years' practice and left her penniless at seventy. The annual toll of from 2,500,000 to 3,000,000 industrial accidents occurring in the United States helps further to increase old-age destitution.

Unemployment is another devastating cause of old-age poverty. Even in normal times, about 10 percent of our labor supply is unemployed. Because of the constant displacement of workers by machinery and labor-saving devices, the number at present is probably considerably higher.

Business and banking failures also frequently transform prosperous individuals into paupers and dependents. We hear only of the successful business men. The thousands who fail receive but scant notice in the press. Recent bank failures in New York brought to light some pitiful cases. The sharp decline in the stock market a short while ago unquestionably augmented the army of aged dependents.

How many of the 6,000,000 aged are dependent is frequently asked. There are no exact data. Guesses vary all the way from "almost no dependency, aside from those actually receiving public or private charity" to the statements, for years circulated by insurance companies and banks, that about 90 percent of those reaching sixty-five are dependent upon children or upon charity. We can, however, approximate an estimate of the probable number of aged dependents.

L. W. Squier in his book, *Old-Age Dependency in the United States*, calculated on the basis of data presented by the 1908-1910 Massachusetts Commission on Pensions, Annuities and Insurance—the first state commission to study the problem—that approximately one and a quarter million persons sixty-five years of age and over in the United States depended upon public and private charity. A few years later Dr. A. M. Edwards, of the United States Census Bureau, estimated that the proportion of aged dependent men was somewhere between a minimum of 17.9 percent and a maximum of 40 percent, with strong probabilities that the actual proportion approaches 40 percent.

The 1925 Massachusetts Commission on Pensions had gone into the subject at considerable length. It found that 32.8 percent, or approximately one-third of the population of Massachusetts sixty-five years of age and over, not in receipt of aid from public or private organized charity, had individual incomes of less than \$300, and 36.8 percent had incomes of less than \$400 a year. Among those seventy years of age and over, 39.9 percent had individual incomes of less than \$300 and 43.6 percent possessed incomes of less than \$400 per year. Of the 17,420 persons sixty-five years of age and over interviewed by the Commission, 39.4 percent reported ownership of property valued at less than \$1,000, while 30.8 percent stated that they possessed no property at all.

Recent studies made by the National Civic Federa-

tion—an opponent of old-age pensions—also show that 32.9 percent of the aged persons interviewed had annual incomes of less than \$300.

It is obvious that a person at sixty-five with no property of at least \$1,000 and no income of approximately \$1.00 a day, is either already dependent or is on the verge of dependency. Indeed, the above findings justified the director of the two last-named studies in declaring that

About 38 percent of the men and women in Massachusetts over age 65 are supported in whole or in part by children, relatives or by organized charity.

Since the estimates of the Massachusetts Commission were based upon the most thorough investigation ever undertaken by a state commission, they may probably serve as fair indications of the prevailing conditions in the entire country. Granting, however, that possibly better conditions may exist in our less industrial states, it would seem rather conservative to state that approximately one-third of the aged population in the United States is definitely dependent in part or entirely upon children, relatives or organized charity

for their support. Accordingly, of the approximately six million persons sixty-five years of age and over in the United States at present, about two million are supported in one way or another. Only a small proportion of these are under the care of organized philanthropy. In such a well-organized community as New York City, the Welfare Council can account for only about fourteen thousand old persons as being cared for by public and private charitable agencies, of its estimated total of 28,000 aged dependents in the greater city.

From the above discussions it is plain that the problems facing the aged today are quite different and more complex than those of a generation or two ago. Innumerable forces beyond the control of the individual contribute to make this period the most insecure in life. The new conditions offer a challenge to our intelligence; they require the formulation of the most socially constructive and statesmanlike program to meet them. How these conditions can be ameliorated and how old age can be made more secure will be discussed in an article by Professor Carlton J. H. Hayes to be published later.

WALL STREET GOES AMATEUR

By GEORGE McCABE

JEREMIAH clanking his chains among the ruins of Jerusalem cannot compete for our sympathy with the present plight of the apologists for "prosperity" enmeshed in ticker tape among their crumbling exhibits: employee ownership of stock as a solution of the labor problem, customer ownership of public utility stocks as a remedy for monopoly baiting and ruthless regulation by commissions; the Federal Reserve system as a sure cure for panics, and the collapse of speculation as a price stabilizer for stocks, bonds, grain, farm land and other commodities which can be traded on a speculative basis.

A leading text on economics defines speculation as "the buying and selling of goods for the sake of profit from price changes." The author then goes on to state that the speculator equalizes prices by ironing out extreme fluctuations so that a commodity like wheat traded on a speculative exchange does not rise or fall in price as suddenly or rapidly as a commodity like coal, which is not subject to active speculation. The purpose of this article is to show that this generalization is subject to serious qualification in the light of recent events.

In the New York stock market, probably the most highly organized and carefully regulated exchange in the world, the decline from September 3 of this year to October 29 in the Dow Jones average of prices indicates a decline from 381 to 212, or 44 percent in the short space of fifty-six days. In comparison with previous declines this is the worst on record, not in

extent but in precipitancy. The 1907 panic was a parade alongside of this collapse, because it took ten months for the corresponding measure of deflation to be accomplished.

A more serious indictment of speculation as a stabilizer is found in the record of transactions on Thursday, October 24, because many stocks suffered price changes of 50 percent. Montgomery Ward, for example, opened at 84, fell to 50, a decline of 42 percent. Then worst of all, a rally in the afternoon brought it back to 75, a rise of 50 percent.

It may be urged in defense of speculation that this is not a representative stock, but it is one that is widely held, a popular favorite and a sound stock. Many more damaging cases can be found in the lists of transactions in "cat and dog" stock markets like Chicago. Insull Utility Investment stock, one of the most active in the list, opened at 85, fell to 65, and recovered to close at 83.

Speculative buying has failed to support not only the stock market but bond and farm lands as well. Many "gilt edge" bonds like New York Central 4½ bonds have fallen 15 percent, from 100 to 85, during 1929. In brief, the professional operators in these fields seem to hold off in an emergency, just as amateur speculators will not buy in a declining market. The much-talked-of bankers' pool that was to have regularized trading after the first break failed utterly a few days after formation to prevent a second collapse.

This is a clew to the reason underlying the unheard-

of price fluctuations: the overemphasis put on financial news items. For example, the Wall Street Journal said in regard to the bankers' pool: Bankers Halt Stock Débâcle. . . . One Billion for Support. These headlines appeared on Friday morning. On the following Tuesday, October 29, the big break occurred in spite of the pool. Then the bankers in the pool, asked why they had not supported the market, replied that they had no intention of buying stocks to strengthen the prices; their only action was to place bids for stocks some distance below the market price. This was quite different from the impression foisted on the public by newspaper announcements of the formation of the pool.

Another source of misinformation is the forecasting services. Most of them were caught quite unawares by the turn of events in Wall Street. Babson was the only Cassandra on hand, and he missed the date by four years.

One of the leading investment news services (the Standard Statistics Company) recommended the purchase of high-grade common stocks up to September 30. From then on liquidation was urgently advised. Another advised until October 21 (Moody's Investors' Service) holding good stocks, provided the stocks are held with a view to benefiting in the long-range growth of the United States. A third (the Annalist) on October 11 was quite optimistic, basing its opinion on the two factors which the other two services regard as dangerous to the credit situation and general business conditions.

The financial editor of the Annalist (October 25, 1929) has summarized the underlying fallacies that have led to this panic: (1) that common stocks are as good as, or better than, bonds, and with diversification just as safe; (2) that this belief had put stock prices on a permanently higher plane; (3) that the investment trusts could act as stabilizers of the market; (4) that the 40 percent margin required by most brokers and bankers would not permit a disorderly selling out of part paid accounts; (5) that the day of stock-market panics was over.

Still another force that has amateurized speculation in the stock market is the practice by the press of gathering a pearl harvest of opinions from bankers, economists and brokers. The banker is traditionally forced to say that the outlook for general business is good; those who, like the Federal Reserve Board, do not follow this tradition are first jeered at, then ignored. The October issue of the Monthly Review of the largest bank in the country said:

The activity of manufacturing and trade has continued at a high level during the past month [September]. Although there has not been the marked seasonal expansion that usually occurs in September, this is hardly surprising after the basic industries have been running at a record-breaking pace for such an extended period.

These oracles are retarding the recovery of the mar-

ket by their concerted decision that the decline in stock prices will cause a curtailment in purchasing power. None bothers to explain this, but it is difficult to see how it will follow.

We will take a possible case for example: Mr. Lazarus, we will say, had an unrealized profit of \$500 in Bankinshares. He planned when the market reached the top to take his profit by sale of his stock and buy a car, but was still looking for "a new peak for all time" when the break occurred. Now his paper profit has vanished; in disgust he sells his shares for \$100 instead of \$600 to Mr. Dives. The \$500 purchasing power which Lazarus might have used for the purchase of a car does not affect the economic situation, because Dives has it instead. We are assuming that Dives would have paid \$600 for the shares if the break had not come in the market.

The only net effect of the break, on the demand for commodities, arises from the redistribution of purchasing power. Dives uses the \$500 he would have spent for stock for a fur coat, whereas Lazarus would have bought a cheap car.

In brief, how can unrealized paper profits be spent? Only, of course, by sale of the stock. Then the buyer of the stock is out just as much purchasing power as the stockholder is in.

The 5 to 20 percent depreciation in the bond market continues. The bond-buying public was urged by responsible economists and brokers to substitute common stocks for bonds because the fixed income from bonds is subject to the risk of loss of purchasing power should prices rise. This danger, it was shown, does not accompany stock investment because the dividends increase as prices go up. This may be true, with some qualification, but the price level has shown a tendency toward decline. The break in the bond market in April, 1928, caught most of the bond houses with large blocks of unsold securities on their hands. Consequently they have had to use their working capital and credit to carry these; and so were unable to support their issues on the exchanges. Whether the bond market will come back, as the experts prophesy, depends on the public reaction to the stock-market panic. Probably they will demand more than 4¾ to 5½ percent for placing their funds in fixed income bonds. In that case most of the issues now outstanding will not return to the prices at which they were issued in 1927-1928.

The disintegration of the Detroit United Railways and the Michigan Electric, and the recent suspension of interest payment on the Key System Transit Company and New York State Railways, are serious indictments of the bankers concerned, because \$30,000,000 worth of these bonds have been sold since the war to investors too remote from business affairs to realize that the interurban traction industry has been in rigor mortis since 1919.

Again that the default in interest on real-estate bonds on hotel projects has become almost general is

borne out by the recently announced liquidation of the American Bond and Mortgage Company, one of the oldest and largest concerns in the business. Their 6½ percent debentures are currently quoted around 40 percent of par. These were issued a few years ago at 96.

What is the investor to do if bonds issued by reputable, long-established houses are subject to default in some cases, and serious market depreciation in most instances? He cannot even put his money in the bank for a return of 3 to 4½ percent without being disturbed by nightmare visions of himself back at work, because, according to the Honorable Pole, Comptroller of the Currency and the grand vizier of National Bank Examiners:

About 5,000 banks closed their doors and tied up depositors of more than \$150,000,000. . . . In four states from 40 to 53 percent of all banks in existence in 1920 failed.

However, it may well be that the failure of professional speculators to buy cheap and sell dear, thus leveling prices, has been due to the failure of their previous experience to serve as a basis for post-war decisions. So many fundamental changes, like the Federal Reserve Bank, stock split-ups and foreign loans, have come about that we can scarcely blame the professional for going amateur. Now that the Carnegie Commission has completed its search for professionals among athletes in colleges, they might well take up the inquiry in Wall Street.

YUCATAN BEFORE LINDBERGH

By THOMAS R. DAWLEY, JR.

TO THE writer, who knows the region, according to the Spanish adage, "as the palm of his hand," Colonel Lindbergh's recent aerial exploration of Yucatan and a part of Guatemala was a splendid adventure. We were informed by the Colonel's radio operator that after the take-off from Belize on the third expedition, ruins were discovered in the vicinity of Lake Yaxhá, British Honduras, "believed never to have been seen before by any white man." Likewise in the further explorations over the jungles of Yucatan, both the Colonel and his radio operator believed that the crumbling monuments of a forgotten past that peered forth were then seen for the first time by white men.

It is with no desire to detract from Colonel Lindbergh's fine achievement that I point out the fact that the ruins which he saw have been seen and explored many times since the conquest of Yucatan nearly four hundred years ago. The Colonel is an aviator and not a specialist on Maya ruins or Maya history.

Lake Yaxhá, mentioned in the despatch as being in British Honduras, is actually in Guatemala. It is a beautiful sheet of water glimmering amid the verdure of the tropical forest like a sheet of polished glass reflecting a tinge of blue. It was rightly named by the Mayas, "yax" in their language (pronounced "yash") in this instance meaning "blue," and "ha," "water." Whether or not the Mayas were color blind I am unable to say, for they used the same word to designate green as they used for blue. "Yax che" they translated as meaning "green tree," and when I asked why in the one instance "yax" was blue and in the other it was green, I could get no further than that it was so.

The lake touches the trail from British Honduras at a point about two-thirds of the distance from Belize to Flores, the capital of the Department of Petén, Guatemala. In my time there was a cluster of five or six Maya huts on the edge of the lake that sheltered the

only human inhabitants in all that forest from British Honduras to Lake Petén and the city of Flores. It was usually a day's journey from the frontier to the lake, and Flores was two or three days beyond, or perhaps a week; it depended upon the weather and the condition of the travelers, for sometimes on their journey from Flores they were so full of liquid exhilaration that they were unable to make very rapid progress.

I traveled from Flores to the frontier and back many times, sometimes alone and sometimes accompanied. The group of Mayas at the lake, the remnant of a people at one time the most advanced and powerful of all the native races on the American continent, were an inhospitable lot. Nor could I blame them, considering the persecutions and ill treatment they had received at the hands of their more or less white brethren. In a small clearing a short distance beyond their cluster of huts were mounds of mellow earth with rude crosses on them designating the graves of their dead. The crosses were all that was left of their religion, for many years had passed since they had had the rites of their Church.

They would give the traveler neither food nor drink unless he asked for them in Maya, and he might not get them even then. On one occasion, presenting myself at the door of a hut, I asked the woman within for water. She answered in effect, "There is plenty of water in the lake." Another time their cow, evidently a new acquisition, dropped a calf. Now the Mayas never were much versed in cowology, the native races having had no domestic animals of consequence before the coming of the Spaniard. On this occasion a group gathered around the baby calf chattering like a flock of turkeys around a reptile which one of them has discovered. They were confronted with a problem which was solved by one of the Maya women fetching a blanket into which the calf was rolled, wrapped up and put to bed in a hammock in one of the houses. The

hammock is the Maya's bed in which he is born, in which he is rocked to sleep, which is his connubial couch, and in which he dies.

I often camped at the lake-side a short distance from the huts. I would lie suspended in my hammock as the sun disappeared behind the dark rim of forest that encircled the blue water beyond, tinging the sky above a glorious crimson. Later, the starlit sky was my canopy. My dreams were haunted at times by odd visions of the ruins buried in the forests on the other side of the lake. Tical, much farther on to the northwest, consisted of a high pyramid crowned with the ruins of a Maya temple. We often discussed in Flores the problem of how its builders had obtained their supply of water, for there was no flowing stream, lake, "cenote" or water hole anywhere for miles around.

I loved the forests. There was something grand, something ennobling in being in them all alone and not afraid. I recall an open space on the trail to the frontier, devoid of tangled underbrush and overhanging lianas. A gigantic tree on the slope of a hillside, buttressed by immense growths at its base, merging into sprawling roots like the arms of an octopus burrowing into the ground, threw its great branches overhead. A ray of sunlight shot down through the leaves as if it were aslant under a cathedral dome across the channel. It was a delightful spot for me to throw myself down to rest and contemplate the grandeur of nature.

In the night the silence was sometimes broken by the distant cry of a puma. It was a melancholy, mournful sound. With the first streak of dawn a tremendous din was raised by the cackling of Montezuma's hens, the cries of chachalacas, and the calls of turkeys and other wild fowl of the forest. It was the signal to be up and doing.

It was the romance of Petén that took me to Flores, the city in the lake. I was fifteen days getting there with my equipment and Indian carriers from Cobán, the last centre of population of northern Guatemala, at the edge of the forest which separates it from the island city. On another occasion I was ten days traversing the forest from Tenosique on the Mexican frontier. My companion then was a native boy of my own age, a most loyal and devoted servant. He had been a soldier, was more Indian than white, and what he didn't know about woodcraft wasn't worth knowing.

Flores was originally a city of the Itzas, a branch of the great Maya family. It was discovered by Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico, on his memorable march to Honduras to punish his rebellious captain, Cristobal de Olid. The conqueror was well received by the simple natives, who entertained him and gave him food. On his departure he left with them an injured horse, which they confused in some way with the white man's religion. They called it the god of thunder and lightning because they had seen the Spaniards shoot deer from its back on the savannas that surround the lake. They conveyed it to their island city, and placed it in

their great temple along with their own gods, burned incense before it and tried to feed it on their choicest viands. When the horse died, they were overcome with fear that the great white chief would return and demand an accounting for his god.

To make amends, an image of the horse was made of stone and placed in the temple. The watch fires always burned on Tayasal, and an outlook was kept for the return of the white chief, who became a sort of messiah. Many years passed. High priest followed high priest to the graves of their ancestors. The story of the white man's god, the god of thunder and lightning, became a legend. At last two white men appeared. They were clad in brown woolen gowns, with a piece of rope for a girdle. Save for sandals their feet were bare, and they were without weapons of any sort. They were Franciscan monks who had made their way down from Mérida, the seat of the bishopric, in search of lost souls.

The people in the lake were filled with joy. They thought they recognized in the monks the return of their messiah. They feasted them and danced before them, and escorting them to the temple, they exhibited the stone image of the horse. To their horror the monks declared it, as well as the other images, to be the work of the devil, and fell to breaking them to pieces. The monks were seized, conveyed across the lake, set ashore and told never to return again.

But they did return and converted the Itzas to Christianity. There was not a rod of ground in the whole of Yucatan that these barefooted missionaries did not cover and win over, as the ruins of their churches scattered throughout the land attest. The image of the horse of Flores was thrown into the lake, the pagan temple destroyed and a church erected in its stead. However, the legend of the horse still remains. It is said that it can be seen at low water, resting on the bottom of the lake.

Flores is rated as a city by the Guatemala government. It is on a pyramidal rock rising out of the water about midway between the peninsula of Tayasal, which separates the lower lake from the upper, and the mainland, a distance of about seven hundred meters. Indeed it is a miniature city, having all that goes to make up a city; it has its garrison of soldiers, its municipality, its governor, and its vicar, good old Father Pineda; or at least it had in my time. Its plaza crowns the truncated rock, the north side of which is flanked by the quaint church of the Franciscans, and the governor's house adjoining. On the west are the barracks, the commandant's quarters, the town hall and jail. The east and south sides are hedged by retaining walls, above which flourished, when last I saw the city, a row of cocoanut trees.

It housed about twelve hundred souls. There was not room for many more. The population was kept down partly by misrule, partly by the misuse of strong drink, and partly by periodical epidemics called by the natives "the plague," a form of dysentery or cholera.

This sickness, incidentally, usually yielded to my empiric knowledge, the practice of which was not always, by any means, of my own volition. However, as the saying goes, I was "the one-eyed man in the blind man's country." I was reputed to be omniscient.

I found the people kind, gentle and hospitable, but not remarkable for their courage, which was one of the causes of their persecutions and sufferings. Their doors were always open to me, and I was treated as a guest who honored them with my presence. They were fond of music, feasting and dancing, story-telling and traditions. Through their tales there usually ran a vein of humor as well as tragedy. They told of the good old days of the king, who sent the big silver dollars to pay the soldiers. The dollars were cut into pieces to make change, and were still in circulation, but fast disappearing to be used for cuff buttons and studs.

One of the stories was of a wicked old governor who came later, and whose liver was as black as night. He told them that they were free and independent; put some of their best citizens in jail, flogged others, and even dictated to them the kind of clothes they should wear. It was during the "war of the races," when the Mayas rose in rebellion massacring the inhabitants and destroying half of Yucatan. Two refugees from the war-stricken land turned up. They were taken before the heartless governor. He would not listen to their plea for a home and a chance to earn their daily bread.

"To the gallows with them!" he exclaimed and called the corporal's guard. The poor fellows saw no reason why they should be hanged, and as they were being conveyed in a canoe across the lake, they threw themselves on their knees begging the corporal not to hang them, for they had done no wrong.

"Why you darned fools," said the corporal, "we are not going to hang you. The name of the place where you take the trail to Belize is called 'El Ahorcado—The Gallows.'"

One of my achievements was the building of a sailboat. At least I told the governor that if he would supply the material and the workmen, I would direct the building of the boat. Now the governor, Don Pedro, was a good man, sent to replace a very bad one (whom I had been instrumental in arresting and dispatching with an escort of soldiers to the capital.) Don Pedro's name is graven upon the hearts of all who knew him. He was an honest man and a just man. He went to his grave owning only the shroud in which he was wrapped.

The natives of the Petén country, whose navigation was limited to paddling around the lake in canoes or dugouts, did not believe that a boat could be made to sail around their island. When my boat was ready to be launched, there was a great gathering at the water's edge. I wanted it christened in good old orthodox style, but Don Pedro interposed, not because he was not a good Christian, but because—he being the appointee of a "liberal" government—it was not good policy. He did not openly object, but managed

in some way not to have Father Pineda turn up at my proposed christening.

The launching was a success, and I demonstrated my ability as a sailor by circumnavigating the island city. It was dark on my return to the government house where I was a guest of the governor, and to my surprise I found preparations had been made to give me a reception. Fronds of palms and the long leaves of banana plants decorated the place, and good old Don Pedro, laughing and smiling, made me the hero of the occasion. The army, consisting of twenty-four soldiers, turned out to assist, and to the cheers of the populace the bugler and the drummer sounded the "diana." There was dancing which continued until the early hours of morning and, believe it or not, the festive board in the banquet hall, was loaded with viands among which shone conspicuously roasted suckling pigs and capons nearly as large as turkeys.

The Penny Whistle

There we sat in the candlelight—
Poets gathered out of the night,
Seven poets gathered together
Out of the wolf-cold winter weather,
Reading poems we had made ourselves. . . .
And the shadows flitted and climbed like elves
On the batik walls and the blue bookshelves.

Then through the window pierced a sound—
We stopped the reading, we stared around,
And shrill as the voice of a winter bird
The notes of a penny whistle were heard!

One of our poets was Irish—he
Knew of the source of this minstrelsey,
Knew it came from the Celtic sea!

So out we ran. With a coaxing word
We rallied the whistler out of the night,
Bidding him play in our candlelight!

And the penny whistle's music flowed
Like the wind on an upland Irish road—
We smelled the sea and we felt the spume,
We saw the bog-flowers all in bloom
And the peat pools where the plovers wade,
As the exile penny whistler played!

Long and long we kept him there
With his shabby coat and his thin grey hair,
Under the spell of the candlelight,
That painted shadows like Irish elves;
Kept him playing through half the night,
Forgetting the songs we had made ourselves!

For we were poets aware, effete,
Knowing the reasons for stress and beat,
But his was a native music, free
As the blackbird's trill in the hawthorn tree . . .
More of a poet was he than we!
Like a leprechaun in the candleglow
With his penny pipe and his tapping toe,
Better than we, and we told him so . . .
More of a poet than we!

AGNES KENDRICK GRAY.

CANADA DRY

By ERNEST F. BODDINGTON

WITHIN two days the electors of two widely separated provinces of Canada administered two very smashing blows to those reformers who, with a singular lack of humor and a total disregard for truth, arrogate to themselves the title of guardians of temperance. On October 30, at Ontario's general election for members of the Legislature, the party committed to a continuance of the policy of government sale and supervision of liquor permits which it inaugurated two years ago, was sustained by majorities astounding to even its most sanguine supporters. The following day, a plebiscite taken in Nova Scotia on the question of sale under government control resulted in a vote of more than two to one in favor of such sale under government control.

It is necessary to study in detail the conditions under which the vote in Ontario was taken in conjunction with the result recorded, to appreciate the full significance of that result. The composition of the last Legislature, by parties, was as follows: Conservatives, 77; Liberals, 17; Progressives, 11; Independent Liberals, 4; Farmers' Union, 3; total, 112. The Conservatives made the issue clear early in the campaign that has just ended: every individual candidate of the party warmly supported the policy of the government sale and regulation, and made his appeal to the voters as a defender of the manner in which that policy had been carried out from the day of its inception. The Premier, the Honorable G. Howard Ferguson, declared in the first of his campaign speeches that he was prepared to stand or fall by the verdict of the province on whether it wished "to maintain and strengthen the legislation which had been enacted in the interests of temperance and sobriety." He aroused the ire of the so-called temperance leaders by saying boldly that the ten years from 1916 to 1926, during which the province had lived under prohibition, had shown that prohibition was a farce, since it was unenforceable. Thereupon, the prohibitionists, knowing that the Premier would have to spend much time during the campaign outside his own constituency of Grenville, nominated for that seat the strongest candidate they could find, in the person of the Reverend T. H. Bradley, with the hope that Mr. Ferguson would be left without a seat on election night.

The Opposition leader, Mr. W. E. N. Sinclair, did not respond so readily to the proddings of his supporters among the extreme prohibitionists as they might have wished. He was willing that they should draw pictures of the Demon Rum on the rampage on the chance of turning a few Conservative voters from their party allegiance, but he was chary of committing himself to the return of prohibition if he were elected. The furthest he would travel in this direction was to say he favored a plebiscite "if the people of the province showed that a plebiscite was what they wanted." But there was no mistake possible concerning the stand of the leader of the Progressive party, which only a few years ago was a dominant factor in Ontario politics, and which now had its great chance to become all-powerful if the voters were really scared by the alleged depredations of the Demon Rum under any system of government control of the sale of liquor. Mr. Lethbridge stood not merely for a bone-dry Ontario but for the prohibition of the manufacture as well as the sale of intoxicating liquors within the province.

The alternatives presenting themselves to the Ontario voter were clear and distinct. He could not advance the excuse that

he was voting for any policy as a compromise or "faute de mieux." He might register his approval of the courageous, if extreme, platform of Mr. Lethbridge; he might express his faith in the Liberal leader by accepting the vague promises of some kind of "reform" made by Mr. Sinclair; he had the opportunity, after having seen the system of government sale and regulation in operation for a couple of years, to say that it was good and should be continued. He went to the polls with the challenge of the Conservative Premier ringing in his ears: "I am responsible for this policy of government control; if you do not think it is an honest and fair policy, turn me out of office. But if you believe it was a policy conceived in honesty, that has been nurtured and developed in fairness to the benefit of the province, give me and my associate ministers an increased vote to strengthen our hands in maintaining and expanding it."

Perhaps Mr. Ferguson hardly realized it, but in making this appeal he was uttering the prayer which is voiced in the motto of Ontario itself. Yet there it stands, in singular significance under the circumstances which exist: "Ut inceptis fidelis permanet."

How that appeal was answered can only be fully understood when the result of the balloting is considered in detail. The Conservative Premier who had 77 votes in the last Legislature, now has 91; the Liberals who mustered (with those listed as Independent Liberals) 21, now have 11; the Progressives, who under the leadership of Mr. Lethbridge advocated a return to the policy of prohibition, now have only three representatives instead of eleven and no leader; the valiant champion of the bone-dry cause having been among those who failed of reelection. Another prohibitionist leader who was clearly shown what the people of Ontario think of the contrast between the operation of government control and prohibition was the Reverend T. H. Bradley, who had contested Grenville with Premier Ferguson. The only result of his active campaign was that Mr. Ferguson's plurality, which in 1926 had been 1,247, was increased to over 2,000. On the other hand, the Liberal leader, Mr. Sinclair, who was reelected in Ontario South, retained his seat with a former plurality of over 2,000 cut to less than 1,000. So far as Mr. Bradley was concerned, he but shared the fate of the half-dozen other candidates who ran as out-and-out prohibitionists, for not one of the seven was elected. Every one of the members of the Cabinet—a round dozen including three without portfolios—was returned. The sweep was unprecedented in Ontario politics.

The plebiscite in Nova Scotia was taken the day following the general election in Ontario. Here the issue was not presented as clearly as in the sister province. Two questions were then submitted to the electorate which were to be answered at the same time:

(1) Are you in favor of continuing the Nova Scotia Temperance Act?

(2) Are you in favor of the sale of alcoholic liquors under a government control act?

Some confusion must have been caused, because while a majority of 5,000 was registered as approving the continuance of the prohibitory Temperance Act, the vote on the second question was 89,757 in favor of sale under government control to only 41,180 against. But there was no question in the minds of those who had led the opposing forces concerning the verdict that had been rendered. Dr. H. R. Grant, who had been most prominent in the fight to retain the Temperance Act, agreed with J. H. Winfield, the outstanding champion of government control that the prohibitory law had been very badly defeated.

COMMUNICATIONS

UNEMPLOYMENT AND PROHIBITION

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—The relation between the two subjects at the head of this letter is entirely factitious, quite as much so as the relation between prosperity and prohibition. I wish to comment briefly on Mr. Bertusi's letter on unemployment and Mrs. Warren's letter on Father Matthew's attitude toward prohibition.

Mr. Bertusi perhaps attributes more importance to my statement about the influence of the "prosperity reserve" upon business activity during a prosperous period than I myself had in mind. Since this scheme has never been tried, no exact statement of its effects is justified. In all probability, however, it would not maintain the balance between prosperity and depression in the nice and complete way assumed by Mr. Bertusi. The possibility of unduly inflating business activity during prosperity always exists at such times, and the point of undue inflation is always easily reached because of the chronic capacity of our industries to produce more goods than can be sold at profitable prices. The transfer of labor and capital from public to private industries could easily cause such excessive expansion. That is all that I meant to say in the passage which Mr. Bertusi quotes.

The letter from Father Mathew quoted by Mrs. Warren is, as she says, "of interest to all." However, it has no particular bearing on the question of prohibition by national enactment. It expresses adherence to the "principle of prohibition" and apparently would have prohibitory laws state-wide. It says nothing about national prohibition for the very good reason that that legal monstrosity was not seriously thought of in the year 1854. There are tens of thousands of persons in the United States who supported prohibition for certain states in certain conditions before the Eighteenth Amendment was adopted, and who still believe in that kind of prohibition, but who reject totally the federal variety. What Father Mathew's attitude would be toward the Eighteenth Amendment or the Volstead Act if he were now living may be an interesting question for speculation. The important point is that he cannot fairly be cited as favoring either of these measures.

REV. JOHN A. RYAN.

MONTE CASSINO

City of the Vatican.

TO the Editor:—Gasquet's statements about early Benedictine missions—chiefly the mission of Saint Augustine to England—were objected to by Dom Bede Gray on the authority of Eddius. I showed who Eddius was and how he had been misunderstood by Dom Gray. In his rejoinder of October 9, he insisted upon, if not denying, thoroughly doubting the conversion of England by Saint Augustine. A few days later Cardinal Bourne said:

"The first period [of our history] began in 597, when Saint Augustine was sent by Saint Gregory the Great to convert the people of this country. . . ." (The Universe, London, October 18, 1929). The same thing is related by the venerable Bede, who was born only sixty years after Saint Augustine's death, and who combined at least the two sources—tradition and written records—which for Dom Gray are "sufficient grounds for rendering a historical judgment." (See J. Stevenson's Introduction to the edition of Bede's *Historia*, by the

English Historical Society, xxiv). And Bede says that Saint Augustine was a monk as well (Chapter xxiii).

But Dom Gray does not take his "history on authority," nor "enslave his judgment," because "history is not built on historians; it rests exclusively on evidence." Is it on account of this independence of judgment that soon after his declaration he refers to the "authority" of a "historian," Abbot Butler, in order to reject the tenets of the "historian" Gasquet?

However, even in this case, Dom Gray did not read accurately. On this topic, Dom Butler does not give his own opinion, but summarizes the ideas of Charles Robinson (that is what I read in the French authorized edition, issued in Paris, 1924; page 327). And if he had read Robinson thoroughly, as summarized by Butler, he would have found that Saint Augustine was a Benedictine monk, prior of Saint Andrew's monastery in Rome, which belonged to Saint Gregory the Great (and this is a legend for Dom Gray).

Any further discussion is superfluous while Dom Gray limits himself to denial and does not give proofs against historians and tradition. If he is ever able to do that, I shall be the first to modify my historical opinions, even if I took them from Gasquet's last book.

IGINO GIORDANI.

Menlo Park, Cal.

TO the Editor:—Dom Bede Gray's letter in The Commonwealth challenging the historicity of the tradition that Saint Gregory and Saint Augustine were Benedictines, is the second of its kind in your paper that has gone unanswered. The challenge that he hurls has long ago been refuted, and it has evidently not been thought worthy of an answer.

However, for Dom Gray's information, I quote the following references. The question was first raised by one James Whiphelm, a German whose work has long since been discredited. Two other authors, Galloni and Spondanus, who wrote on the subject, did not try, it seems, to discredit, but only to question, the tradition that Gregory and Augustine were Benedictines. The works, however, of Paulus Langius, Abbot Cajetan in Italy, Abbot Zieppe in the Lowlands, Yopez in Spain, the Apostolatus of the fathers of the ancient English congregation, Mabillon in his second tome of *Analecets*, and Messrs. Cambden and Selden, have all refuted the challenge, so that it is evidently no longer considered a debatable question.

EVERETT R. HARMAN.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Engels's review of the four poetry books in the Fall Book issue of The Commonwealth was excellent. However, The Best Poems of 1929, selected by Thomas Moulton, was listed in it as a Jonathan Cape publication. Harcourt, Brace and Company brought the book out here on October 24.

MARY C. DUPEE,
Harcourt, Brace and Company.

(The English edition of this book, which was published by Jonathan Cape, was the first review copy to reach this office.—The Editors.)

BOOKS TO GIVE

for Christmas

*A Distinct Contribution to
Catholic Literature*

The CATHOLIC ANTHOLOGY

By THOMAS WALSH

The first work in any language that attempts to gather examples of poetry expressive of the soul of Catholicity out of every land and every age and to present them in one attractive volume, priced so low that it is within the reach of everyone. Seldom is the book-buyer offered a book of such scope and comprehensiveness, such authority, such excellent craftsmanship in its physical make-up, at such a remarkably low price as \$2.50

A BEAUTIFULLY MADE MISSAL AT
A LOW PRICE

The Small Missal

Containing the Proper of the Mass for All Sundays and the Principal Feasts of the Year, the Rite of Benediction, Vespers, and Compline for Sundays and Other Devotions.

Exquisitely bound in fine black cloth with gold cross impressed on the cover, gold lettering and top—it is a volume to be proud of. The paper is of excellent quality, the type clear and readable. Colored silk book markers lend it added distinction. As a gift, which will become a permanent and prized possession, it meets every purpose. The net price of this volume is only \$0.90; but for a limited time on orders of 25 or more copies, we can offer them at \$0.60 each.

"... the most debatable
book in years..."

SURVIVALS AND NEW ARRIVALS

By Hilaire Belloc

The greatest apologist of the Church has written here a book that is sweeping the country like a storm. As September Choice of the Catholic Book Club, it has been recognized as an outstanding challenge to thought and so brilliant a survey of the present status of Catholicism that it should be read and pondered by every ardent Catholic. \$2.00

THE SPIRIT OF CATHOLICISM

By Karl Adam

H. L. Mencken, in *The American Mercury* says, "His defense of the Romish theology and polity is one of the most effective that I have ever encountered." Such praise from Mr. Mencken is rare, and this is a book that merits his praise. "No one is so well read in this field that he can fail to learn much from this happy luminous presentation of Catholic concepts."—*The Saturday Review*. \$2.00

An historical ROMANCE par excellence!

A KING OF SHADOWS

By Margaret Yeo

"Miss Yeo is of the not-a-dull-moment school of fiction," says the *Herald Tribune*, and this novel of intrigue and high adventure in England at the time of the old Stuart Pretender to the throne is one that will delight yourself or any friend who is lucky enough to receive a copy from you. \$2.00

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
Publishers * * * New York City

THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The Game of Love and Death

THE comparative failure of Romain Rolland's play on the French Revolution—one of a series—to stimulate an enthusiastic critical response raises many interesting points. The ordinarily capable hands of the Theatre Guild seem to have fumbled in trying to bring it to full life and illusion. Yet the theme if fully developed, is rich with implications of deeper truth and the peace that springs from mighty resolutions firmly taken and bravely carried through. The fault does not lie wholly in any one direction. It is a case of the cumulative effect of many minor inadequacies, in casting, in staging, in translation of the text, in the concept of the play itself and in the kind of material chosen for its dramatic structure. Even at that, the play has moments of great beauty with the power to move one deeply and sincerely.

Perhaps of all the contributing difficulties, the most serious one is the concept of the play. It has a divided intention. Very few acceptable plays have ever been written when the authors have set out to prove a thesis or to use the spoken drama as a medium of social analysis. In this case, it is obviously part of Rolland's intention to make a personal comment on the complex phases of the French Revolution, to interpret, perhaps for the benefit of modern society, the course of such an upheaval as was repeated in our own times in Russia. Such comment, however, really belongs between the covers of a book. The stage must always be essentially a forum for human emotional conflicts, that is, for drama rather than philosophy. Even in plays such as *Hamlet*, the philosophical content relates wholly to the problems faced by the characters. *Hamlet* does not contemplate suicide in the abstract. He glances at it for a fearful instant as a means of escape from the torture of his situation. The very process of his reasoning becomes drama because of the suspense it creates. Had Shakespeare been seized with a desire to comment on suicide in general, the chances are that he would have had some friend propose suicide to *Hamlet* who, in turn, would have uttered some ready and pat phrases showing why it was the wrong thing to do. That would have robbed the scene of its suspense—and thus of its drama—by turning it from a human problem into a two-sided discussion.

Rolland, starting out to interpret the various underlying philosophies of the Revolution, leaves most of his characters in the position of debaters—men and women whose views are already formed and who merely act accordingly. If, like *Hamlet*, they reached their conclusions during the progress of the play, if we were left in deep uncertainty while we watched human beings making momentous decision, then we should have true drama again, and the meaning of the characters' decisions would be caught by the audience itself rather than indicated in all-too-obvious fashion by the author.

I have in mind a particular scene in the play, during which Carnot, as a member of the Committee of Public Safety, tries to persuade his best friend to accede to the bloody decrees of Robespierre. Carnot tells why, for an ultimate object, he condones the means being used to attain it. With equal precision and certainty, Courvoisier explains why he has reached a contrary decision. The scene which, in other aspects, is replete with drama, suddenly becomes a boresome debate. And this is but one of many instances of the same procedure during the play. Several of the characters, when we first meet them, have

recently changed their views because of some emotional shock or discovery. But that moment of real drama when the actual change took place is merely talked about.

On the other hand, Rolland also had the intention of writing a real drama, and has succeeded measurably in spots. A few emotional struggles do take place before our eyes, and these form the tense moments of the play. Young Claude Vallée, a proscrip taking refuge in Courvoisier's house, and deeply in love with Courvoisier's wife, Sophie, does have to make a decision between accepting a chance for personal freedom and remaining with the woman he loves. The love of life, before our eyes, becomes stronger than the love of woman. And Sophie herself makes, within our vision, the momentous decision which at last brings her courage and peace of soul—the decision to remain loyal to her husband, even though she knows it means death for them both. At such times, when Rolland's intention is no longer divided, when he yields his pen to the pure drama of human emotions, the play leaps to life and becomes luminous and brave and beautiful. Few scenes could be more poignant than Sophie's tender pity for Vallée as she discovers his cowardice—few scenes more revealing of the miracle wrought by steadfastness than the last moments together of Sophie and her husband, waiting for the end, and rediscovering the magic of a forgotten love.

The Game of Love and Death leaves one with the feeling that it might easily have been a great play—that from the emergence of true character under conflict and torture, it might have stirred a spontaneous comment from its audience far more significant than any obvious comment of the author himself. Its best moments reach a high pitch of dramatic effectiveness, but the divided intention benumbs it as a whole.

Details of casting and production merely accentuate this underlying defect. I cannot, however, agree with those critics who find Alice Brady's playing of Sophie far below the fine average of her previous work. Considering the difficulties of stilted dialogue—due to unhappy translation—and the many moments during which, through no acting fault, drama dissolves into discussion, Miss Brady reaches, in many respects, a higher pitch than ever before. Her diction is rounder and softer, her restraint for the most part admirable, and her quiet dominion over some of the closing scenes nothing less than superb. Given a moment of real drama, she plays it to the hilt and with rich understanding. Claude Rains as Carnot is another bright and vivid impression. On his outstanding work all opinions seem to agree. But Frank Conroy merely exposes more fully the hollowness of the discussion periods of the play. Nor does he help the dramatic moments as much as he might, either by possible characterization or by incisive attack. He is too often dull and uninteresting, with very little of that sharp accentuation which made his work in *Wings Over Europe* distinctive. Otto Kruger as Vallée is another who fails to meet possibilities. In spite of having to struggle with long narrative passages, he might, with a little care, imbue them with enough variety to conceal their barrenness.

The settings and costumes by Aline Bernstein are excellent and richly atmospheric, with many ironic details, such as the lighting of Voltaire's bust, well worked out. Rouben Mamoulian's direction also has interesting moments, but where it fails most noticeably is in its effect on the actors themselves. Mamoulian's best talent seems to lie in group arrangements and in the general timing of scenes. A thorough and painstaking director would never have permitted such a listless performance as Frank Conroy's nor such unbroken histrionics as Otto Kruger's first-act work. (At the Guild Theatre.)

B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



THE IMPORTED ALTMAN MOTOLUXE ROBE

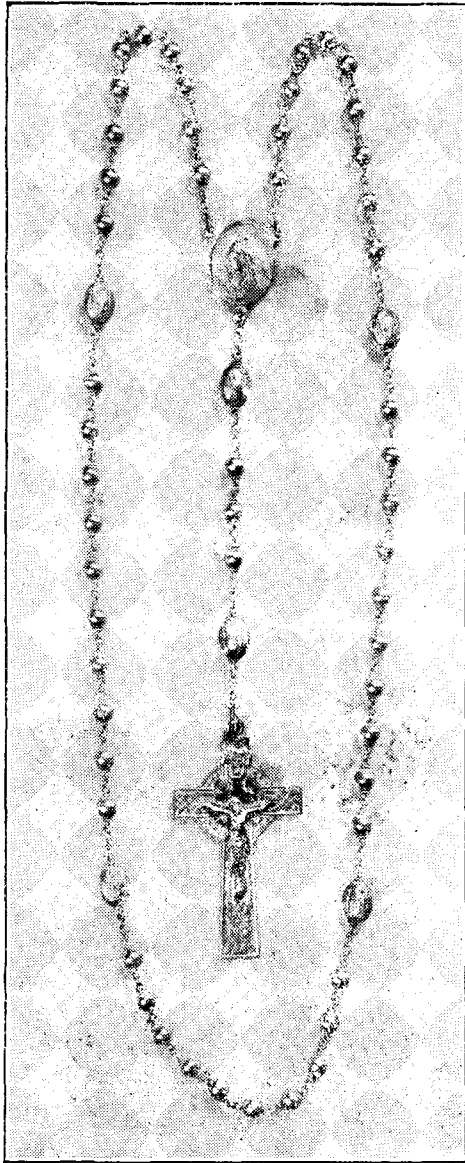
for Sport Cars

Shown this season in the plain shades of tan, taupe or grey and ombre stripings these robes are more popular than ever among sport car owners. \$45 and \$50

THE DRIVER MOTOLUXE—an individual robe designed for the sportsman motorist—made of the same deep pile as the full size Motoluxe and equipped with devices for holding the robe securely about the wearer leaving feet free. \$30

MOTOR ROBES—FIRST FLOOR

Suitable for Christmas Gifts



*An unusual rosary in all 14 kt. gold, hand-wrapped
priced at \$84.00*

Other rosaries in 14 kt. gold, from \$25.00 up. Fine jeweled rosaries with 14 kt. gold mounts, from \$40.00 up. Sterling silver rosaries, hand-wrapped, from \$8.00 to \$28.00. St. Christopher medals for the car, in silver and fine enamel, and other religious articles of distinction suitable for Christmas gifts.

The Gorham Company
Ecclesiastical Department

Third Floor
Fifth Avenue at 47th Street
New York City

BOOKS

Speaking for Labor

J. Ramsay MacDonald, by H. Hessel Tiltman. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$5.00.

IT WAS, we take it, in order to catch a market that this interim biography of James Ramsay MacDonald was compiled. Doubtless it is journalism, not literature, yet such journalism has its uses. We have here not exactly an interpretation of MacDonald's career, but at least what lawyers call the record. The lengthy appendices consist of decisive speeches by MacDonald, including his historic condemnation of the war in August, 1914, and with the reports of these utterances not easily available, the reprints are worth while.

It was always in a certain perspective that Carlyle displayed his heroes. With Mr. Hessel Tiltman, hero worship is less of an art than an emotion. His ink is apt to be mingled with saccharine, and he fails to realize that, in a portrait, the highest compliment is discrimination. Take a trivial yet typical instance of such eulogy. "Under other conditions," we read, MacDonald would have made "a really fine golfer." It is not enough that the Prime Minister should be "Labor's man of destiny." Despite a handicap of "about twelve," hypothesis must discern in him a mute inglorious Bobby Jones.

To recognize MacDonald as a superman is to render unto him his due. It is when Mr. Tiltman claims for him a monopoly of supermania that he thus obscures the picture. He tells us that MacDonald "has lifted the [Labor] movement from the dust and glare of the arena and given it a soul." Is that history? From the days of the Chartists onward, the semi-Socialism of Britain has always overflowed with an abundance of soul. The idea that men like Shaw, Snowden and Keir Hardie, or even "Papa" Henderson and "Jim" Thomas, have had their souls supplied to them by Ramsay MacDonald is, after all, ludicrous.

What MacDonald really contributed to the Labor movement was an electoral strategy, masterful and subtle, by which the funds of reluctant trade unions were mobilized for a party, independent of Conservative and Liberal affiliations. On the wisdom of that policy there have always been two opinions. The Labor party has grown; but the progressive forces are divided. What might have been a permanent majority, it is arguable, has been changed into a not less permanent minority, and to this day Labor, having failed to win 5,000,000 Liberal votes, holds office on sufferance.

My own view of MacDonald is simple. I think that a clear distinction should be drawn between his achievements in the domestic and foreign fields. As a Socialist advocating a change in the industrial system, he has made little difference. As an internationalist working for a constructive peace, he has made history. The negative and the positive in his career should be, as it were, associated in his undoubted personal magnetism.

Forty years ago, Great Britain began to reap the results of an imperfect yet widely diffused education. The popular press was created; the popular franchise was extended; and there was a demand for a higher standard of material well-being. In 1906 that demand resulted in an overwhelming victory for Liberalism, to which force there was added a small Labor group, led by MacDonald. There were details on which Liberals disagreed with Labor. But, broadly, the parties were indistinguishable and, in the main, it was David Lloyd George whose constructive energy produced the entire system of pensions, insurance for sickness and the so-called "doles" for the

Make This a Christian Christmas

*Give Catholic Books to
Your Catholic Friends*

Upstream

by Martin J. Scott, S.J.

If you have a touch of the sentimental in your make-up you will have a glorious time reading this latest novel by Father Scott. The theme is based on the mutual and touching love existing between a twelve-year-old boy and his mother; the action centers around their efforts to provide a musical education for the boy. Those who know Father Scott as the strict logician and precise thinker will find him in this book both a poet and a student of human nature, an entertainer for the heart as well as for the mind. \$2.00

When the Veil Is Rent

by Francis Clement Kelley

Bishop Kelley has made a genuine contribution to Catholic literature in this story of a soul's mystical adventure. It is both entertaining and enlightening, and every reader will enjoy the splendid style of this accomplished author who has clothed the scientific words of Catholic theology in a colorful mysticism. Beautifully illustrated. Handsomely printed. \$2.00

A few copies of the limited edition still available: Octavo, half white vellum. Autographed. \$5.00

Rodney Newton

by Alan Drady

Considered by critics to be the best boy's book of the year. Full of action, football, pep and fun. "No real boy will put it aside unfinished."—*The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. \$1.50

At all Catholic book stores

P. J. KENEDY & SONS

Publishers and Booksellers

44 Barclay Street

New York

prehensive communion an expression of that international continuity, covering space and time, of which he is an evangelist. He is a statesman, not an ecclesiastic; but as a statesman he surveys all peoples as one family, sharing one destiny. Rancor is to him the heresy of heresies. A religion that unites is to him an ally.

How long he will remain at Downing Street no one can say. The uncertainty of British politics is not easily appreciated by Americans, living under a chronological constitution. But his health has improved; his initiative is vigorous; and his association with President Hoover is significant. Beyond question, his very critics have been captured by his energy, his good temper and the radiant charm of his frank and open diplomacy. His visit to Washington, arousing no unfavorable reaction either in the United States or Great Britain, means that the prophecies of Cecil Rhodes are fulfilled. On the one hand, the centre of gravity in finance and industry has crossed the Atlantic. On the other hand, Great Britain, by accepting that great change, has preserved the English-speaking world from the insanity of the second schism. Having got so far on the road to peace, the question is now whether President and Prime Minister can associate the continent of Europe in their program of reconciliation. Socialism and capitalism, working against one another in 1914, failed to stop the world war. Is it possible for the two forces, working together, to prevent a repetition of such a disaster?

P. W. WILSON.

New England Suns

The Golden Asse and Other Essays, by Mary Ellen Chase. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$2.00.

THE Golden Asse is a charming title for Miss Chase's handful of essays, but it does not really fit the volume. It does not even illustrate the author's righteous love for the books she has known longest, inasmuch as Apuleius was familiar to her childhood only in the fragmentary story told by her grandfather, and innocent alike of the grossness and the naked cruelty which pleased the Roman mind. Moreover the "tribute" is not paid to the asse Lucian, but to a well-kept and contented little donkey named Richard which dragged her and her sister—when it was so disposed—along the country roads and byways.

Perhaps the most engaging papers are those which record the random recollections of a childhood which held all that is best for children. Wormwood—for Thoughts, and A Kitchen Parnassus, are happy examples of such ineffaceable memories. The two little girls fastened with roller towels to the upper shelf of an old secretary so as to be out of harm's way, with the baby, who was in their care, fastened between them, and Grimm's fairy-tales for the amusement of the three, make a picture which should please all right-minded readers. "In those halcyon days of municipal poverty," we are told, "the long vacation lasted through the months of January and February." So the bleak New England winter, freed from school-room lessons, was made beautiful by idleness and books.

The Saints in Maine is a delightful adjustment of alien spiritualities to a Puritan background; Saint Bride and her lambs intruding upon the cow pasture, Saint Columba in his coracle glimpsed from a bare hilltop. In Miss Chase's widely and delicately cultivated mind there is room and to spare for every figure that has lent grace to fancy and distinction to thought. Like Eugénie de Guérin, she simply and naturally turns the dross of the commonplace into pure gold.

There are little episodes in the life of every book lover, of every man or woman who "seeks in literature deliverance from mortality," that are as tragic as they are droll. Such a one is narrated in the half-dozen pages entitled *Have You Martin Chuzzlewit?* To have played the game of Authors as an intelligent child; to have grasped the fact that authors were men of attainment, and possibly of genius, whose names outlive the centuries; to have bought this well-remembered game in a modern shop, to have looked eagerly for the pictures of Dickens, Carlyle and Scott, and to have found instead an unknown lady, "placid and assured," labeled Gene Stratton Porter, and underneath by way of identification, *A Girl of the Limberlost*—this is enough to make one doubt the much-vaunted benefactions of Cadmus and Gutenberg.

AGNES REPPLIER.

Ireland Out of One Eye

An Irish Ramble, by Charles Fish Howell. New York: Greenberg. \$2.50.

A RAMBLE ought to be an easy-going affair, and a rambler is entitled to see what interests him and ignore what does not. That seems to have been the way of it when Mr. Howell and his friend David Lansden journeyed through most of Munster and a bit of Leinster. They evidently prepared themselves by a commendably wide course of reading in Irish literature and reference books, but unfortunately whatever library they had access to obviously has not caught up with modern Irish literature nor burdened its shelves with much data on recent Irish history.

Well, never mind, 'tis pleasant to come upon numerous bits of too-much-neglected Tom Moore, and to find honor paid to such good old ballads as *The Shandon Bells* and *Molly Malone*. These, it seems, were always springing to the lips of the two Americans as they made their way by train or boat or jaunting car about the pleasant Emerald Isle. Mr. Howell is passing clever at weaving his snatches of song and his bits of carefully assimilated knowledge into the supposed conversation between himself and his crony and various native sons and daughters. The trick becomes transparent after awhile, but no harm to the story for all that.

It is evident that Mr. Howell has not yet heard of the Irish Literary Revival, or the Abbey Theatre, or Yeats, Lady Gregory, Douglas Hyde, James Stephens, Padraic Colum—to say nothing of James Joyce and Sean O'Casey. He knows that the land he rambles in is now a Free State, and even that the Gaelic term is *Saorstát*, but he is not interested in how it came about; and beyond noting the figures of a civic guard or two, he saw nothing of the new Ireland. There used to be delightful romantic pictures of Killarney, of the fine old breed of steel engravings, all dripping with the unashamed sentimentality of a day less stern than this. Mr. Howell's Ireland is like those good old romantic etchings. He went to see a land of thatched cabins, jaunting cars and ivy-clouded ruins, and sure enough, such a land he saw. His eye was peeled for blushing colleens and ragged men, and his ear attuned for rich brogue on the lips of jarveys, and sure enough he found his heart's desire. Whether he actually heard the ghost stories and tales of magic which he puts in the mouths of Dan and Biddy, is a matter for conjecture, and unimportant.

Withal, he does note rich farms and trim cottages as well as slum and cabin, but he confesses amazement at the "dignity of these residences" along the road out of Cork. But since he managed to avoid any glimpse of the vast work going forward

THE CATHOLIC BOOK CLUB

*Suggests its previous selections
for Christmas gifts.*

THE WAY IT WAS WITH THEM, *a novel* by Peadar O'Donnell. \$2.50.

JORGENSEN, *an autobiography* of a Danish Scholar. \$3.50.

A CHRISTMAS BOOK, *an anthology* by D. B. Wyndham Lewis and G. C. Heseltine. \$3.00.

PERE MARQUETTE, *historical narrative* by Agnes Repplier. \$3.00.

OTHER WAYS AND OTHER FLESH, *Short stories* by Edith O'Shaughnessy. \$2.00.

THE CRADLE SONG AND OTHER PLAYS, by Gregorio Martinez Sierra. \$4.00.

SHACKLES OF THE FREE, *a novel*, by Mary Grace Ashton. \$2.50.

THE SECRET OF THE CURE D'ARS, *a biography*, by Henri Gheon. \$3.00.

A KING OF SHADOWS, *a novel*, by Margaret Yeo. \$2.00.

THE SPIRIT OF CATHOLICISM, *a study in essentials*, by Dr. Karl Adam. \$2.00.

RED SILENCE, *a novel*, by Kathleen Norris. \$2.00.

SURVIVALS AND NEW ARRIVALS, *essays*, by Hillaire Belloc. \$2.00.

UP TO NOW, *autobiography* of the Hon. Alfred E. Smith. \$5.00. The de luxe limited and numbered edition signed by the author sells for \$15.00.

THE POET AND THE LUNATICS, *a series of detective stories* by G. K. Chesterton. \$2.50.

KING SPIDER—DECEMBER BOOK OF THE MONTH—*some aspects of Louis XI of France*, by D. B. Wyndham Lewis. \$5.00.

A year's subscription fee—12 books is \$25.00 or \$28.00 by installment payments.

New Booklet with complete details about the Club sent upon request.

THE CATHOLIC BOOK CLUB

461 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Christmas Gifts from Ireland

Irish Poplin Ties Pure Linen Handkerchiefs
 Limerick and Carrickmacross Handmade Laces
 Auto and Steamer Rugs All Wool Blankets
 Embroidered and Damask Table Cloths and Napkins
 Tea Sets of Belleek China
 Irish Jewelry Tara Brooches
 Kapp and Peterson's Briar Pipes
 Hand Painted Christmas Cards and Calendars
 Artistic Hand Colored Prints by Jack Yeats
 All the Latest Books by Irish Authors

Telephone Regent 2414

The Irish Industries Depot, Inc.

780 Lexington Avenue

Near 60th Street

New York City

Send For Our Catalogue "C"

Fordham University Conferences

at Fordham University Church
 190th Street and Third Avenue

FALL SESSION

The Papacy and the World Today:

by Father Wilfrid Parsons, S. J.
 Editor of "America"

November 10th, 17th and 24th

The Bible; Its Use and Abuse:

by Father John Corbett, S. J.
 of "The Messenger of the Sacred Heart"

December 1st, 8th and 15th

Conferences at 4 P. M.

to hitch the Shannon for electric power, the Howell picture is therefore somewhat incomplete.

There is much genuine Irish lore in the book, and much racy Irish wit. And as a description of the natural beauties of the land and its jeweled lakes and garlanding seas—as a portrait of the face of Ireland, or its southern part at least—it is a masterpiece. It is a long while since the present reviewer has encountered book or essay or poem in which the obstinate stuff of words has been so triumphantly used to convey the colorful and living sense of the beauty of mountain and glen, lake and river, field and strand. The fact is that Charles Fish Howell writes more than passing well. Some of the illustrations by Joyce Margaret Howell are pleasing, and some are feeble; since she was evidently not on the ramble, one guesses that she made her wash drawings from photographs and old pictures, hardly a promising way to go about it.

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL.

Teutonic Fantasy

Steppenwolf, by Hermann Hesse; translated by Basil Creighton. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$2.50.

THE novel of post-war Germany has revived a character who invariably put in an appearance in the novels and plays of nineteenth-century Russia. The visionary student, eternally driven forward on his quest for truth and reality but always destined to fall short of his goal, has a part in many works from Tolstoy and Dostoevsky to Chekov, Andreyev and Bunin. The collision between opposing factors in modern German thought before the war was only a prelude to the philosophical storms that accompanied the tragic events of the last fifteen years. In these circumstances the novelist again finds practical use for a character in whom the old struggle between material self-gratification and resolute spiritual idealism is going on. He typifies the many men, particularly in European countries, who have felt this enmity revived in their souls by the conditions of modern life. He appears in the works of Werfel, Thiess, Ricarda Huch, and especially in Thomas Mann's *The Magic Mountain*.

Hermann Hesse has created such a character in the *Steppenwolf*, a man whose nature is dual—human, generous and noble on the one hand; wolfish, intolerant, solitary and derisive of all compromise and sympathy on the other. He loves clean rooms, domestic affection and the pure religion that gives us household laws, but raging within him is a fire that withers his desire for comfort and love. It drives him from town to town, a malcontent among men, happiest when, like the lone wolf of the steppes, he is cut off from the world with his passion for truth which the world always tries to corrupt and render incomprehensible. The two sides of his soul stand in fatal opposition; their strife never allows him peace. Into this warfare he draws the people who cross his path—the young man who writes the prologue, the women he loves against principle, the friends he dares make. He becomes a symbol of man's divided nature, groping for the means of reconciliation which some are destined never to find. Frustration haunts him, and in his torments of indecision he tries to slay the wolf, but cannot.

In spite of the fantastic material with which Hesse has clothed this legend, the reader soon comes to see in it a parable of the intellectual confusion of modern Germany. He is led to see how contradictory ethical standards failed to meet the problems of social and political morality in a huge national crisis. In their more practical and realistic aspects, these prob-

lems have been treated in books as different as Arnold Zweig's Sergeant Grischa and Ernst Glaeser's recent *Class* of 1902.

Hesse, an older man who had already achieved literary distinction before the war, writes with charm and variety. A tale of quiet descriptive beauty reminiscent of Sudermann is broken up by interludes of distorted symbolism, adapted from the expressionistic motives of modern German art. The novel succeeds in drawing a striking diagram of the contemporary mind in certain of its aspects. However inconclusive the picture may be, it will provide material for profitable reflection, for it bears unmistakable marks of authority and acute observation. The translation is clear and graceful, conveying throughout the spirit of the original.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL.

Dr. Oliver Remembers

Four Square, by John Rathbone Oliver. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

THE author of *Victim and Victor* has earned a wide and merited literary reputation. Many of us are of the opinion that he managed to restore intelligence to its position of importance in the novelist's estimate of human life; and this, at a moment when emotionalism has all but swept fiction back to the shores of Henry Mackenzie, has been no slight achievement. It is none the less true that Dr. Oliver has consistently drawn upon his personal experience as a student and psychiatrist. His stories are segments of autobiography pleasantly masked. *Four Square* is an unvarnished "yarn of myself," and ought therefore to be unusually interesting. It is. But one does not come away from reading it wholly satisfied or convinced. The reason is probably that the book involves too many concessions to modesty, which is a virtue not to be indulged when one sets out to review one's own career.

Here is a man who studied medicine and eventually became medico-legal adviser to the courts of Baltimore; who followed this work into its modern psychiatric ramifications; who nevertheless remained a student and a university man; and who devoted a generous part of his time to performing the duties of an Episcopalian clergyman. It is seldom that one individual can follow so many illustrious and beneficent pursuits, and Dr. Oliver manages to convey to us some of the enthusiasm with which he labored and studied. The narrative of Baltimore court work is fascinating, and I believe it will start many people to thinking about the possibilities in this conception of justice. There are excellent chapters on experience with criminal types, but in all of them one detects a note of hesitation—almost of shyness—which somehow leaves the impression that Dr. Oliver is not really the central figure but merely a reminiscent onlooker.

This impression deepens as the book gets on. The conception of the psychiatric service which our author advances is admirable, and he tells his own tale with not a little humor and shrewd wisdom. But if somebody else had told it for him, the outlines would be firmer and brighter. I am particularly afraid that this verdict applies to the chapters, which everyone will respect, devoted to religion. Here is an interesting ministerial experiment, but one that does not come alive in the book. Even so, this autobiography, disappointing probably because one had expected too much, manifests a courage, an idealism and a charity which deserve their chronicle. It ought to receive a wide reading, and the influence it exerts will be in keeping with the high purposes of its author's career.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

Gift Suggestions

AN INTERNATIONAL SUCCESS

*Selected by The Book Society of London and
the Book-of-the-Month Club, New York.
Dramatized at the Moscow Art Theatre.*

The Embezzlers

A novel of contemporary life under the Soviets

By VALENTINE KATAEV

IT is the story of a middle-aged accountant and a young cashier, the at first unconscious victims of an apparently pervading impulse to embezzlement among the trust concerns of Russia—embezzlers are spoken of almost as a recognisable social class—who find themselves somehow, with the pay-roll in their pockets, en route for Leningrad, where the streets are called avenues and ex-princesses sit at the public tables. Thereafter, in a cinematograph succession of restaurants, clubs, cabs, trains and sledges, they pursue through a kind of haze, while the money lasts, enjoyments vaguely imagined and never attained. *Hugh Walpole said, It can be read by any one as a lark, by any one also as a sociological study, and then read again as a piece of literature.* \$2.50

THE QUEEN OF HEAVEN

Legends about Mary, the Mother of Jesus

By MARYAN GAWALEWICZ

*Translated from the Polish
By LUCIA BORSKI SZCZEPANOWICZ
and KATE B. MILLER*

An exquisite book. These legends about Mary, the Mother of Jesus, are the spontaneous outpouring of the devout soul of the Polish peasantry. One of the most fascinating and inspiring volumes in Catholic folklore. \$2.00

PILSUDSKI AND POLAND

By ROM LANDAU

The life of a great man and the re-birth of a great state. Here is a clear and authoritative picture of Poland through the eyes of a great leader and latest hero. Pilsudski is, together with Lenin and Mussolini, one of the most interesting personalities which emerged from the last war. He is in fact the liberator and creator of Modern Poland. A timely book. \$5.00

THE HOUSE OF MEMORIES

By BARBARA WILSON

"When one reads an English book written in appreciation of French art or literature, one expects it to be as good, as witty and elegant as a French book. This seldom happens, but Lady Wilson's book fulfills the expectation."—Maurice Baring. "This book is a little gem."—The Countess of Oxford and Asquith. \$3.00

LINCOLN MacVEAGH, THE DIAL PRESS

152 W. 13TH ST., NEW YORK

*Publishers of "THE LIBRARY OF LIVING CLASSICS"
edited by MANUEL KOMROFF. (List on request.)*

THE MANUAL OF PRAYERS

THE OFFICIAL PRAYER BOOK

This is the Official Prayer Book of the Catholic Church. It is endorsed by Cardinals O'Connell, Dougherty, Hayes and Mundelein, and every Archbishop and Bishop in the United States. The complete compendium of the Prayers and Ceremonies of the Church having a replete explanation of Each of the Sacraments, aiding Catholics and Converts to fully understand the Sacred Offices.

To correct errors found in many Prayer Books, this Manual was prepared by Order of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. Each page in proof sheet was submitted to all the Bishops of the Country and by them approved, being the only Prayer Book having this endorsement. In its use, you are assured of having the Official Prayer Book.

Black Linen Cloth, gilt cross, round corners, red edges—\$1.50

YOUR NAME ON COVER FREE!

Send for complete catalogue

JOHN MURPHY CO.

200 West Lombard Street

Baltimore, Maryland

'IRISH PEDIGREES'

2 Vols., 2000 Pages

By JOHN O'HART

LIMITED AMERICAN EDITION

Containing the pedigree stem of every Irish family entitled to Heraldic Honors. Over 1,100 coats of arms in their proper colors. Price \$18.00—Free 50-page booklet on request.

MURPHY & MCCARTHY, 86 Walker Street, New York

PIUS X SCHOOL OF LITURGICAL MUSIC

COLLEGE OF THE SACRED HEART

133rd Street and Convent Avenue, New York

AUTUMN AND WINTER SESSION

Justine Ward Method, Courses I, II, III
Gregorian Chant Gregorian Accompaniment
Choir Conducting and Liturgical Singing
Theory, ear training, sight reading, melody writing
Harmony, Musical Appreciation Counterpoint Polyphony
Lessons in Vocal Production, Organ, Violin, Piano, privately or in class
For further information, address the Secretary Cathedral 1334

GOOD COUNSEL COLLEGE, White Plains, N. Y.

A CATHOLIC COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

Registered by the University of the State of New York with power to confer degrees

PEDAGOGICAL COURSE. BEAUTIFUL LOCATION

Forty Minutes from New York. Resident and Non-Resident Students

Catalogues on application to the Secretary

THE URSULINE ACADEMY

A College Preparatory School for Girls

Resident and Day Pupils

Chartered by the Regents of New York

Grand Concourse at 165th St., New York City

BURR PRINTING HOUSE

FOUNDED 1827

FRANKFORT AND JACOB STREETS

NEW YORK, N. Y.

CATALOGUES. MAGAZINES. BOOKS

AND COMMERCIAL PRINTING

Briefer Mention

Poems of Justice; compiled by Thomas Curtis Clark. Chicago: Willett, Clark and Colby. \$2.50.

GENERALLY one dislikes collections of poems selected according to subject, but this book escapes that prejudice. It emphasizes a point often forgotten, that the poet's only duty is to speak in his time on behalf of his fellow-men. To create art is his privilege; to demand justice is his obligation. Mr. Clark's anthology includes such famous poems as Mrs. Browning's *The Cry of the Children* and Blake's *Jerusalem*. But it is a pity that he has chosen from the moderns so many mediocre specimens, and missed entirely the work of Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, Hilaire Belloc and G. K. Chesterton. Together they cover the past seventy-five years, and in that time surely no poets have spoken out against injustice with more effectiveness, constancy and sustained poetic judgment than these three.

The Life of Mother Catherine Aurelia of the Precious Blood, by a member of the Institute of the Precious Blood. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. \$2.50.

BEFORE the foundress of this well-known Canadian community of contemplatives was permitted to follow the only life that she desired to live, she was a problem to many good priests and bishops. It was not easy to settle the vocation of one who was already reputed to be a saint. Many persons declared that they saw the Sacred Host turn to blood while she was receiving Holy Communion. Others told of seeing her black garments turn to white and red. Her difficulties were not over after the establishment of the order. Victory came at last and the Institute flourishes far and wide.

Present-day American Stories, by Conrad Aiken, Thomas Boyd, Struthers Burt, Morley Callaghan, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemingway, Ring Lardner and Stark Young. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.

HERE are eight stories, all of them interesting, most of them written with charm and distinction, and one, Ernest Hemingway's *The Undeclared*, which is a truly great story. We are told that collections of short stories are not popular; there is no reason why such a collection as this should not be very widely read.

Courageous Companions, by Charles J. Finger. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. \$3.00.

THE voyage of Magellan is one of the great opportunities left to the ambitious poet and novelist. This is a novel based on that voyage. It is skilfully planned and pleasantly written. The illustrations are numerous and amusing.

CONTRIBUTORS

CHARLES BALLARD is an American poet.

ABRAHAM EPSTEIN is the executive secretary of the Old Age Security League.

GEORGE MCCABE is now associated with the department of economics in Yale University.

THOMAS R. DAWLEY, JR., is an American journalist and the author of *Cuba*; *The Child That Toileth Not*; and other books. He was the official publicist of Guatemala under President Herrera.

AGNES KENDRICK GRAY is a Georgia poet.

ERNEST F. BODDINGTON, formerly dramatic critic of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, was the dramatizer of *To Have and To Hold*. His original play, *The Heretic*, was produced by Otis Skinner.

P. W. WILSON is a member of the staff of the *New York Times*.

AGNES REPLIER is an American essayist and the author of *Books and Men*; *The Fireside Sphinx*; *In Our Convent Days*; and *Points of Friction*.

SHAEMAS O'SHEER, poet, reviewer and essayist, is the author of *Jealous of Dead Leaves*.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL is a member of the faculty of Loyola University, Chicago.